

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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PLEASE DO NOT LITTER THE LANES

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Three

ONE OF HISTORY'S BRAVE WOMEN

BOADICEA AND HER CHARIOTS

The King's Daughter Who
Faced the Power of Caesar

A TRAGIC TALE

The revival of interest in Roman Britain has led to much talk of Boadicea, and one of the questions that has been asked is whether her chariots really had scythes to their wheels, and whether her warriors, leaping from the vehicles, ran along the pole between the horses.

Such a thing must have been impossible, says one critic, seeing that the British horses were only 13 or 14 hands, and would have been pulled down by the weight of the leaping warriors. On the historical side we have the authority of the immortal historian Tacitus. He was never in Britain, but his illustrious son-in-law, the noble Agricola, was, and could furnish him with all the details.

The Strength of Horses

As a matter of fact, the strength of the British horses was quite sufficient. Not long ago two cobs of this size were found drawing a load of nine tons in London; and men ride tiny Shelties in the island home of those famous ponies.

We must doubt no word of Tacitus, for he it is who writes the history of the tragic British queen and tells us how foully she was wronged. The trouble arose at the death of Prasutagus, King of the Iceni, whose territory was the modern Norfolk and Suffolk. He left a widowed queen in Boadicea, and two young princesses, their daughters, to whom half of his kingdom was to go, the other half being left, for safety's sake, to the Emperor Nero.

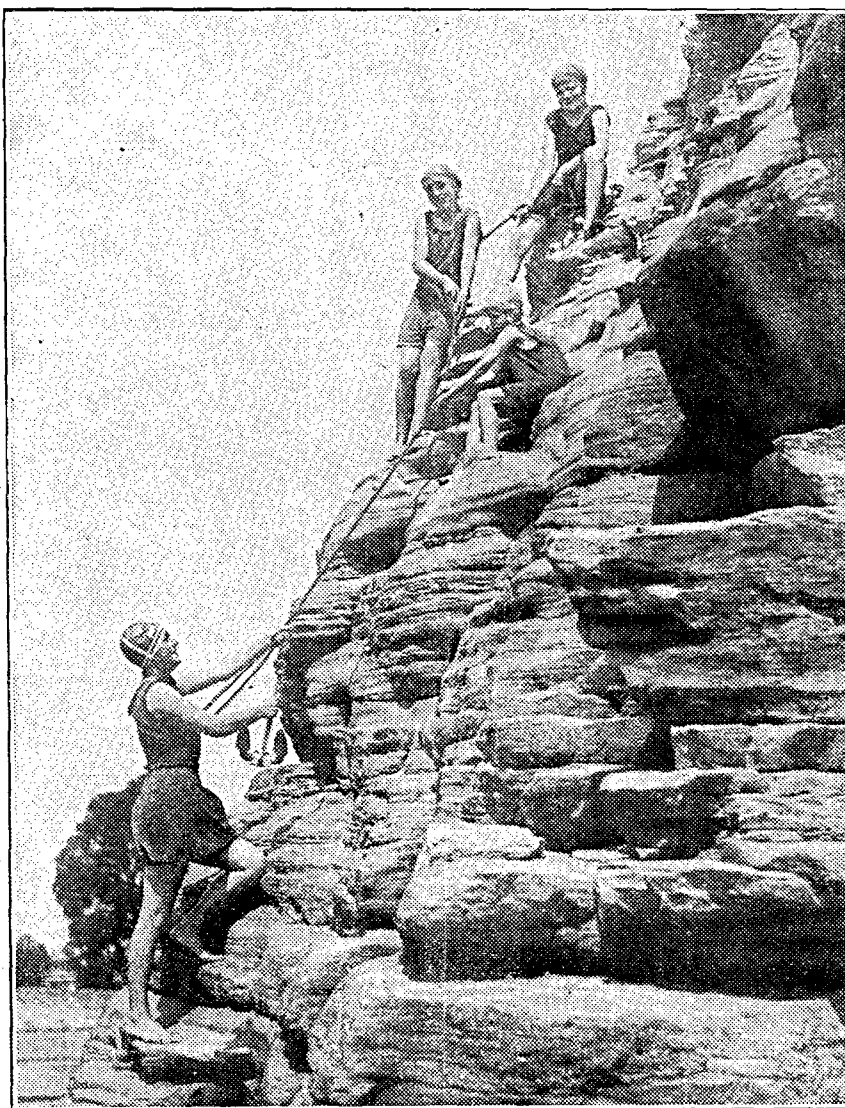
Queen in a Battle

Suetonius Paulinus, Roman Governor of Britain, and Agricola, his young lieutenant, were absent in Wales, and certain Roman centurions, taking advantage of the opportunity, backed by common soldiers and slaves, seized the Iceni property, sacked the palace, behaved with horrible violence to the two princesses, and then, upon Boadicea's protesting, publicly scourged her.

That caused the revolt and the appalling slaughter of A.D. 60. Colchester was sacked, and its garrison and citizens, men, women, and children, were put to death with unspeakable torture by the followers of the queen. A similar fate attended St. Albans. Suetonius made a wonderful march back from Wales to London, but could not hold the city; and all who could not escape with him were atrociously butchered and the city burned. By this time Boadicea's victims numbered, according to Tacitus, 70,000 persons.

Where Suetonius and the furious queen actually fought will never be known; it is supposed to have been

On the Shores of Glorious Devon



Although many of the schools have reopened after the holidays there are still plenty of boys and girls, as well as grown-ups, away at the seaside. Here we see a happy party of bathers clambering over the rocks at Torquay

north-west of London, along the line of the famous Watling Street. The Romans took up a position in a narrow way, with their flanks and rear guarded by woods. The Britons, out-numbering them to the extent of eight to one, came on in a fierce, disordered mob, led by Boadicea and her daughters, and encumbered by cattle and wagons.

Fiercely Boadicea harangued them. "This is not the first time that the Britons have been led to battle by a woman," she cried. Her troops charged on a narrow front. The Romans stood firm, broke the attack, advanced in the form of a wedge, and smashed the British ranks.

The Britons fled, but were hampered by their cattle and wagons, and were pitilessly cut down, neither age nor sex being spared, so that 80,000 fell that day. Boadicea saw her hopes destroyed, and with a dose of poison ended her life.

History has told her story, which has all the elements of one of the great Greek tragedies. Poets have sung her sorrows and deeds in deathless verse, and we regard her memory with a sigh and a shudder. The prophecy, imaginary or

real, has come true, and her posterity sways regions such as Caesars never knew. Sculptured in bronze, she stands defiantly in her chariot at the foot of Westminster Bridge.

She faces Parliament, typifying in herself the right of Might, confronting an assembly which exists by the will of a free people to establish on ever firmer foundations the might of Right.

If ever our Parliament should falter from justice and contemplate doing an Imperial wrong Boadicea is there to warn them; she stands as a warning and a lesson to all who found empires or conduct their thousandfold affairs.

ONE CAT-POWER

Electric power supplies were suddenly stopped the other day at South Shields by a cat. The cat climbed the pole supporting the overhead wires and, resting its hind feet on the bracket, stretched up and touched a bar wire carrying 20,000 volts. The wire instantly fused owing to the short circuit, and fell to the ground.

So one cat-power stopped thousands of horse-power from doing their work.

DUST OF ATOMS

UNSEEN RAYS THAT ARE
EVERYWHERE

Men Going Four Miles High
to Study Them

PIERCING SIX FEET OF
SOLID LEAD

By a Scientific Correspondent

Some time ago Professor Millikan, who is one of the half dozen men to whom we look to tell us all there is to know about the atom and what holds it together, found a new kind of ray. He is now preparing his report on it for the Smithsonian Institution.

This is the age of rays. There were the X-rays, and the rays from radium, and the N-rays, which were lost and never found again. But Professor Millikan's rays are different from them all because they are so much smaller. They are as much smaller than light rays, or, to speak more exactly, the wave-length of light rays, as light rays are smaller than the monstrous electric waves by which wireless is broadcast across the Atlantic.

Flying from Star to Star

That is not the strangest thing about them. The smaller the wave of the ray the more penetrating it is. The X-rays will go through things that stop light. The Millikan rays would go through a battleship of lead.

Most of the rays can be produced; the Millikan rays produce themselves. They are everywhere. They shoot into the Earth by countless billions from space, as if they were restless fragments of atoms that have exploded, and never cease to fly from star to star and nebula to sun through all the measureless abysses of the Universe.

The mysteries of these cosmic rays, as Professor Millikan calls them, are to be probed more deeply during a short expedition which he is to make this month to Bolivia.

Lakes Among the High Peaks

So difficult is it to get away from the influence of other rays that scientists now preparing to study the new rays will go among the lofty peaks south-east of La Paz, where mountains 20,000 feet high are to be found, with deep lakes full of clear water free from any sort of radio-active energy. At this height, also, the air itself is very free from radio-active effects.

An exceedingly delicate electroscope will be taken for measuring energy, and by comparing the results with those obtained when the instrument is immersed deep in the lake it will be possible to learn many things of importance about these wonderful rays. So penetrating are they that they will pass through seventy feet of water and will find their way through six feet of solid lead, while the most penetrating rays of radium will barely pass through half an inch.

A RETURN TO BARBARISM

CRUELTY TO MAKE A RIVIERA HOLIDAY

Shameful Use of the Roman Amphitheatre

MORAL TONE OF FRÉJUS

For the first time in thirty years a bull-fight has been held on the French Riviera.

It was proposed that Cannes should have one year ago, but the protests were effective in stopping it; now Fréjus, a little place near St. Raphael, has been indulging itself in this horrible spectacle.

Bull-fights may only be held by special permission in France, and then only if the bulls are not killed. Permission was obtained in this case, but all the bulls were cruelly done to death. This involved a risk of fines of a few francs for each bull slaughtered, but it was well worth while from the promoter's point of view, for there were some ten thousand people present, all of whom were in expensive seats.

Spectators Responsible

People who have seen bull-fighting in Madrid and Lisbon say that cruelties were practised at this exhibition which are rarely seen in civilised capitals.

One bull was terribly wounded five times before it was despatched, and another remained on its feet for four minutes after receiving what should have been its death wound. It is good to hear that even the spectators, for whose delight the fight was arranged, hissed at this bungling. But there would have been no bull-fight if there had been no spectators, and they must be held responsible.

Copying a Roman Vice

This horrible display was made on a Sunday afternoon in the old Roman amphitheatre at Fréjus, sixteen miles from Cannes. The one claim Fréjus has hitherto had to fame has been its magnificent Roman remains. The Romans had many virtues which the people of Fréjus might have copied, but they preferred to select this Roman vice, a love of spectacular cruelty.

We are told that the amphitheatre was surrounded by African troops with steel helmets and fixed bayonets, sent to keep order among civilised whites who had come from far and near to give countenance to this slaughter, and we shudder to think what these troops must have thought of our civilised ways. Half the spectators were women and young children, but the children, at least, may be supposed not to have realised what was in store for them.

A Million Pounds a Week

It is distressing to hear that there were many English present, but the C.N. has good reason to know that the ordinary English visitor is sick of these outbursts of cruelty. He has opposed the butchery of blinded captive pigeons at Monte Carlo, and he will oppose this bull-fighting outrage. If any attempt is made to repeat it it will be for English men and women to consider whether they should not leave out the Riviera from their future holiday rounds. Even its much over-rated climate, which has kept thousands away in the last few years, is not sufficient compensation for a display of barbarism like this.

English visitors are spending about a million pounds a week in France, and without them the Riviera season would collapse. It is for them to see that not one penny of it is spent in Fréjus, or in any other place where bull-fights measure the moral level of the inhabitants. "This is not England," said one of the promoters of this butchery to one who protested. It is not, and we thank God for it.

THE WAY OF ALL DICTATORS

One More Revolution in Greece

UNEXPECTED END TO A SUMMER HOLIDAY

Greece has had another revolution. After little more than a year of giddy power the Greek Mussolini has fallen.

The army made President Pangalos and the army unmade him. In a single night a former War Minister, General Kondylis, took possession of the Government offices at Athens, and not a blow was struck to prevent him.

President Pangalos was making holiday on the island of Spetsai, and there, during the same night, he was arrested and marched on board the destroyer Pergamos, which set sail for the Piraeus with a battleship and another destroyer as escort. But by a last effort of persuasion Pangalos turned her crew to his side, and they wheeled her round in a dash for freedom. The destroyer was at once given chase, and forced to surrender, and the General was found hiding in the wireless operator's cabin.

It is not very surprising that the Dictator should have been anxious to avoid this ignominious return to his capital, for he has established an awkward precedent for the treatment of deposed rulers. Less than three years ago he presided at a trial of Ministers, and sentenced them to be shot at dawn.

And shot they were, with every accessory of horror. It is not a pleasant thing to be thrown from office in Greece.

THE CRIPPLE WINS

A Wonderful Swimming Race

A two-mile swimming race in the River Taff at Cardiff the other day produced a finish which would have been exciting in any case, but with the winner a cripple was really extraordinary.

From the outset three youths under twenty took the lead, which was for the Welsh Long-Distance Swimming Championship. Their names were Hanlon, Griffiths, and Palmer; Palmer was the cripple. Hanlon led for the first mile, but for the next 500 yards he and Palmer changed positions six times.

Then Griffiths came up, and the three were in line up to the last bend, where Griffiths lost ground. The other two were neck-and-neck to the last hundred yards, when the cripple drew ahead and won by half a yard.

HOW THE RAIN STARTED A FIRE

Two fire-engines had to be called in at Shepperton, in Middlesex, to put out the rain—or, if not quite that, to put out a fire the rain had started.

The way of it was this. In a shed were stored some sacks of quicklime, and through the leaky roof the rain dripped on to them. The chemical effect of water on quicklime, which will not burn, is to produce slaked lime and a good deal of heat. The quicklime slakes its thirst and its surroundings grow hotter. In the shed the wooden partition grew so hot that first it smouldered, and then, when found out, burst into flame.

If the fire-engines had not been prompt in action the flames would have spread to another shed, where oil, creosote, petrol, and tar would have received them with great warmth.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Agricola	A-grik-o-lah
Bayreuth	By-roit
Kiushiu	Kyoo-shoo
Piraeus	Py-ree-us
San Diego	Sahn De-a-go
Suetonius	Swe-to-ne-us
Tacitus	Tas-e-tus

NO ESCAPE FROM WIRELESS

How the World Finds its Lost People

S O S ANYWHERE

A message was broadcast from 2 L O the other night which was a first instalment of some of the visions of the future conjured up by a scientific novelist long ago.

A young American was on a cycling tour in Scotland, had left no addresses, and was for all practical purposes out of reach of letters and telegrams. He was wanted. His father had died at sea. It was imperative that he should go home with all speed.

So much the wireless spoke aloud to all who might listen, and who can doubt that wherever the young man was he must sooner, rather than later, hear of this strange call, perhaps at the first inn in the Highlands where he stopped for a night's lodging? Even if he sought a bed at a farmhouse he would more likely than not be told of the message that had been humming the night before on the wireless.

Fiction Becomes Fact

The wireless had another arrow on its string. This one was winged in search of a relative of the American, a lady who was known to be touring the Eastern Counties, and whose car had been seen in Cambridge the day before. That wireless arrow was sure to find its mark.

When the scientific writer was plunging into the future years ago he imagined that if a man were wanted urgently he could be almost immediately found, even if he were wandering lonely in some glacier field of Spitsbergen or in Pacific Islands. Wireless, in its infancy then, has made the whole of the prediction matter-of-fact now.

AMERICA'S G.O.M.

Maker of Harvard Dies at 92

Charles William Eliot, who was for forty years President of Harvard, has died at the wonderful age of 92.

It was he who by his reforms and steady work brought Harvard into the front rank of the world's greatest universities.

Senator Root, himself one of the finest men in American politics, called him the first citizen of the country out of public office. A great German scholar and lover of America called him the most distinguished and influential personality in the intellectual life of America.

An intense grasp of detail, an immense capacity for work, and absolute fearlessness in pursuing what seemed to him right were the qualities which gave Dr. Eliot this unique position in his country and in the world.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE

Boy's Adventure in Borneo

There are jungles and jungles; six days in the Borneo jungle would be too much for almost any man.

It very nearly ended the life of a British ship's apprentice named Ingram, a Torquay youth of 21. He left his ship, the Trevelthoe, while she was coaling at Sebatik Island, and wandered into the jungle to pick fruit. And, of course, he lost his way.

Animal tracks misled him, mangrove swamps nearly smothered him, ants, mosquitoes, and leeches bit him when he tried to renew his strength by sleep. Of fruit he found none, and he lived for six days and nights on two birds' eggs.

On the sixth day he was lying exhausted in the undergrowth, with all hope abandoned, when a party of Dyaks chanced to come upon him, and carried him to safety.

MORE ENGLISH THAN THE ENGLISH

Indian Prince Who Became a Norfolk Squire

There stands in a secluded part of Norfolk a beautiful Tudor manor house, an ideal home for an English country squire, and there has just died there the last of a noble Indian race, son of a deposed and pensioned maharajah.

With a passion for archæology and heraldry, he would fain have entered the College of Heraldry, but Queen Victoria ruled that that would be derogatory for one of his princely lineage; so he became a passionate amateur.

His home became an archæological museum. Electric light and the telephone were ruled out as sacrilege. The chapel was dedicated to King Charles the Martyr (whoever that may be!), and the great parlour was hung with Stuart portraits. Cromwell was there, *hung head downwards!*

THE STREET OF VALOUR

Three V.C.'s

The people of Winnipeg have made the discovery that from one short street of their city three men enlisted in the Great War who afterwards won the Victoria Cross.

A pillar at the end of the street, surmounted by a lamp, has now been erected by the Women's Canadian Club of the city and unveiled by the Mayor, with a bronze tablet recording the exploits of these men, two of whom were killed in action.

The street, hitherto called Pine Street, has been renamed, and is now called Valour Road.

BEES GO OUT FOR VENGEANCE

For some unknown reason fury seized a whole colony of bees the other day at Marbury, in Cheshire, and from three hives and a swarming box sallied forth to reap vengeance.

First they attacked the lady of the house, leaving her in a serious condition; then they visited the poultry run and killed eight hens and a cockerel. Finally they invaded the harvest field and put a stop to operations there. Several of the men were badly stung.

Retribution came in the evening, when the whole colony was destroyed to prevent further trouble.

THINGS SAID

I am the last of the Victorians.

Sir Edmund Gosse

We have restored our credit at a great sacrifice.

Mr. Lloyd George

I have come to abominate the thought of stag-hunting.

Mr. John Galsworthy

Peace involves the ability to see some good in the other fellow.

Sir Ernest Benn

One way to help a dull boy is to find out something he *can* do, and build on that.

A Church Official

Don't smoke if you wish to write articles at ninety.

A Sheffield Octogenarian

The Indian people cannot be shut within the prison of their ancient system.

Mr. S. K. Ratcliff

I have worked in a coal-mine a nine-hour day, an eight-hour day, and a seven-hour day.

Mr. F. B. Varley, M.P.

It is ill-will—fed by false and poisonous social teaching—which makes our economic problems so unhelpful and our people so unhappy.

Dean Inge

It is in the United States' interest that England be strong enough to continue her mission as guardian on every savage frontier.

Mr. Newton D. Baker, U.S.A.

THE LITTERERS STILL SPOILING THE COUNTRYSIDE

The New Power that Should
be Given to the Police

THROWING DOWN AND PICKING UP

There is a Labour leader, who is not yet of the past though he takes no part in the politics of the present, who is prouder of having been the first man to put wire baskets for the people's litter in the people's parks than of anything else he has done.

It was the first step to making people tidy up their own rubbish, by calling attention to the fact that it was rubbish.

But it is a very hard lesson to teach. Everybody who is anybody has said something about spoiling places for other people by leaving greasy newspapers, chocolate and cigarette wrappers, paper bags, orange-peel and banana skins for somebody else to pick up.

The King's Appeal Forgotten

The King, when he visited Ken Wood, hoped the people for whose enjoyment it was laid open would remember not to disfigure it; but they forgot the next day. Every Bank Holiday they forget, every Saturday and Sunday, and the paper-throwing habit which began in the towns is being carried by every new charabanc, and by many new motor-cars and cycles, farther and farther afield into the country. Beauty spots become ugly spots nowadays when a holiday has passed by.

It is not much good for us to write about it because more people can read than can think, and as likely as not they will leave the newspaper with its printed appeal among the litter. The young generation of school children and Boy Scouts have learned better, and they are among the best guardians of tidiness. It is the older people who will not be bothered to learn.

What is to Be Done?

Is there anything to be done beyond waiting for the school children to grow up and spread the good word? The habit, unfortunately, is spreading faster than their good example. There have always been untidy people. No doubt Chaucer's Pilgrims left a lot of litter on their way to Canterbury, scraps of their meals, meat-bones for which they had no further use, and what-not. (Are we not glad the Ancient Britons left their scraps about for us to find today?)

But pilgrimages were few and excursions are many, and there are more people and more paper-wrappers today, so that, unless something is done to make litterers realise that untidiness is next to ungodliness, they will go on spoiling the face of the land for ever.

A Fine for Torn Paper

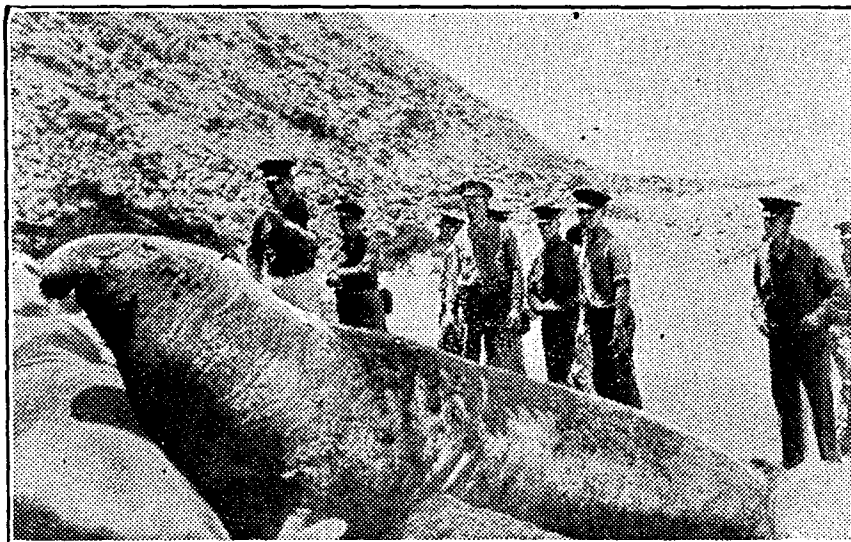
Someone was fined the other day for strewing torn paper in Finsbury Park. Why should not people be fined for littering the Strand or Trafalgar Square, or any street or any place where somebody has to be paid to clear up the litter after them?

Let the police be given power to call upon us all to pick up whatever we throw down in the street. Let us be made to pick it up or to pay, and after a very few occurrences of that kind the word would go round to be more careful. Carefulness is on the way to tidiness, and we should be at last well on the way to keeping our country beautiful.

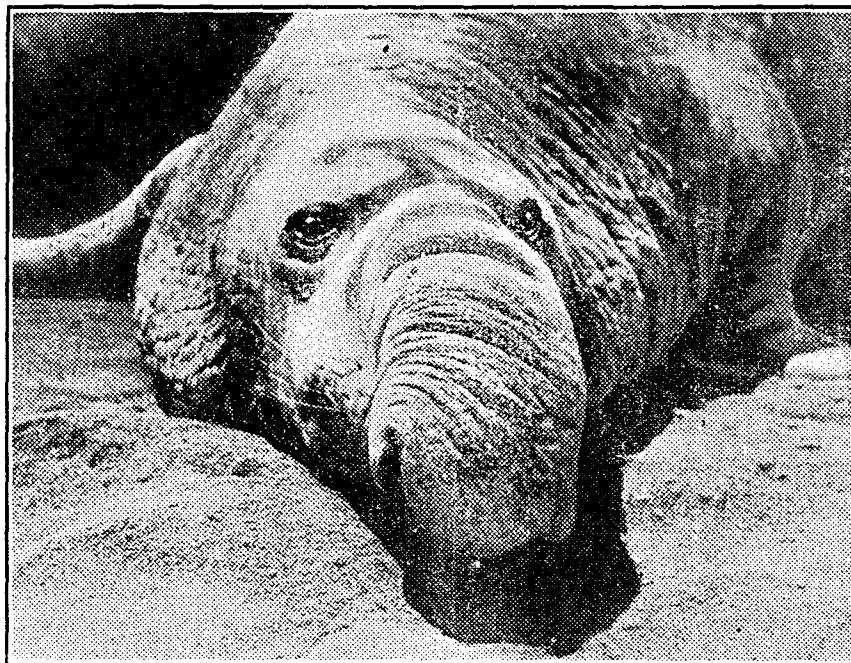
When You Go By Bus

Do not throw your ticket into the street.
Drop it in the Bus

CATCHING THE SEA ELEPHANTS



A sea elephant marked down for capture



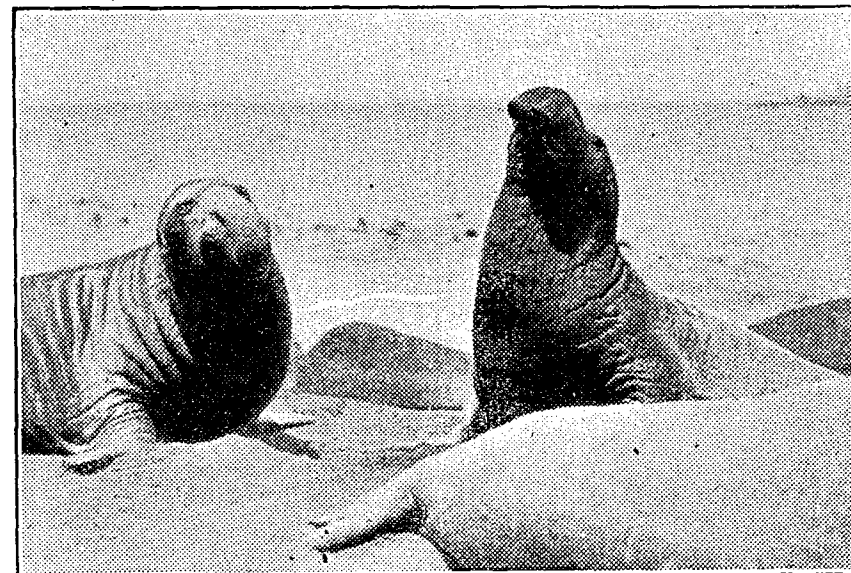
A two-ton monster looks at his captors



Putting a fence round an old bull to imprison him



Towing a caged sea elephant through the surf to the boat



A group of bull sea elephants on the beach

The sea elephant was becoming extinct a few years ago, when protection was extended to it on Guadalupe Island, a lonely rock in the Pacific. Now it is reported that this interesting animal is multiplying rapidly, and men of the United States Navy recently went to Guadalupe and captured several specimens for the Zoo at San Diego, California, as shown here

A CHIMNEY'S SECRET A TALE OF SMUGGLING DAYS

Patient who Disappeared and
Came Back After Many Days

WHAT LIFE USED TO BE

The restoration of a famous 17th-century mansion at Wivenhoe, near Colchester, has led to some interesting finds. In an ancient sealed cupboard were some of the earliest matches, four inches long, half an inch wide, and tipped at both ends with sulphur. Close by is a huge fireplace, seven feet six inches wide.

The proximity of the matches to the fireplace might have added another to the long list of fire mysteries at country houses, and in that case we should have lost a secret, for up the great chimney there is a secret compartment. Some previous owner of the old place was a smuggler, and here was the hiding-place for his unlawful goods!

A Promise Kept

We hear much nowadays about smuggling in America, and we remember that many of the men who fought under Nelson and other of our sea heroes were smugglers. Few people in those days thought smuggling disreputable.

The late Lord Malmesbury, himself a Minister of State, wrote with much zest of his own experiences at Heron Court, near Christchurch. He was once the prisoner of smugglers. While bird's-nesting in his father's park he saw smugglers burying kegs of brandy in a copse. They seized him, and threatened to kill him on the spot unless he remained quiet for an hour. He remained as mute as a mouse while they finished their work. Then they made him drink some of the liquor which they drew from a tapped keg and swear solemnly that he would not tell of the incident. He went back to the house when released, and was scolded by his father for his long absence, but he kept his pledge; he dared not tell of the smugglers and the hoard they had buried in the park.

The Wounded Smuggler

Robert Louis Stevenson lived for a time at Christchurch, and must have heard the stories of the neighbourhood, for the smugglers and treasure-hunters of some of his tales have quite the Christchurch flavour. There was a true Stevenson character in a certain Dr. Quartley who practised for 50 years at Christchurch in those old days. One stormy night he was knocked up from bed by two muffled mounted men.

They commanded him to take horse and ride with them to where there was work for him to do. On the way they were joined by two other men, and all rode in silence to a lonely cottage in the New Forest. There he found a young man desperately wounded. The doctor extracted a bullet from his back, and ordered the patient to be kept quiet.

The Doctor's Reward

"Well, Tom," said one of them to the sufferer, "wilt thee stay here and be hanged, or shall we tip thee into the cart?" Poor Tom chose the cart, and away they went into the depths of the forest. The winter passed, and then before dawn one morning there was a great knocking at the doctor's door. The smugglers had come back to bring him a contraband gift to reward him for saving Tom's life.

Fifteen years later, in a trip to the Avon, the doctor was the recipient of much polite attention from the boatman. It was Tom, long cured of his wound, and, we may hope, of smuggling.

GOOD CAMPING THE PEACE OF PAX HILL

Guests of the Chief Scout of
the World

A TALE OF TWO VISITORS

By a Scout Camper

Walking along the street of a Hampshire village the other day, I met a party of Danish Boy Scouts chatting gaily with the Scouts of the village.

It was not the first time this village had been invaded by Danes, if we are to believe the history on the village sign-board, a large open book carved in oak and set up at the cross-roads for the information of visitors.

The earlier invasion, however, was one of war, while today our Danish friends come not as soldiers but as brothers in the great game of Scouting, to pay their homage to their Chief, whose home, Pax Hill, lies on the outskirts of the village.

Open House at Pax Hill

It is nothing unusual here to hear strange tongues, for at Pax Hill the Chief keeps open house to Scouts of the world, open house in every sense, for the reception ground for his guests is along the long, straight drive to the house.

Here, during the summer months, it is a rare thing for a week to pass without tents being pitched; and ordinary folk are often surprised to see camp fires burning and meals going on there.

Boy Scouts are by their training independent and self-supporting, and they bring with them, in a marvellously compressed fashion, all they require for their stay. But if the night is cold or the day wet they often receive from the house extra rations in the way of hot cocoa or hot baths.

The Scout Disguise

A Scout uniform, like a bathing dress in the Army, is a splendid disguise for a boy or a man who does not want his rank to be distinguished from that of his fellows, and the Chief Scout has found before now that he has entertained unawares members of royal or noble families, who in their own countries would have found it impossible to live the simple life.

The distinguished foreign count who called at the back door for cocoa one wet night, in response to a shouted invitation from the Chief as he sped down the drive on his way to London, cannot have enjoyed the joke more than the Chief himself, who, on arriving in his office next morning, found a note from the International Commissioner explaining that two august visitors were camping on his estate and asking that they should be suitably entertained.

What Scouts Leave Behind

Good Camping is the Chief's wish for his guests, good not only for themselves but for the name and reputation of the movement, and certainly, if all Scout camp grounds are kept as tidy as this one, the Scout movement is doing its bit in the direction of a tidier England.

In camping the Scouts are taught that they should leave behind them two things only:

1. Nothing
2. Their thanks

As regards visitors to Pax Hill there is very little to criticise either way. Grateful letters of thanks for a night's or a week-end's stay pour in from boys whose names are scarcely known, but who as brother Scouts have carried away an imperishable memory and left behind them a name for Good Camping.

FOCH SEES HIS STATUE Norway Builds a Town in France

Not many men have been present at the unveiling of their own statues, but this has happened to Marshal Foch the soldier, as it happened to Clemenceau the politician and Frédéric Mistral the poet before him. This is how it happened.

A Norwegian shipowner, Mr. Haakon Wallen, of Bergen, had grown rich through carrying munitions for the Allies, and as some return he gave Marshal Foch a cheque for a hundred thousand francs to rebuild one of the towns devastated by the war.

Foch on receiving it advised the donor to visit the battlefields, and Mr. Wallen on his return said to the Marshal: "After what I have seen I feel quite ridiculous with my hundred thousand francs; you want a great deal more than that! But I am going back to Bergen, and there I will get enough to rebuild a town. Which shall it be?"

The Marshal named Bouchavesnes, of which not one stone remained on another. "Good," said Mr. Wallen; "but I make one condition. The Liberator's statue must stand in the middle of the town."

And now a handsome new town has been built and is called Bouchavesnes-Bergen, in honour of its builders. Its town hall is built in the Scandinavian style, and in front of it is the statue of Foch, which Foch duly saw unveiled.

UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH

Airman Meets a Wasp Above the Clouds

While the pilot of the Paris air-mail was just setting a course to France, having climbed to a mile and a quarter, something came ping! against the wind-screen. It was a wasp.

Why a wasp, which is on the whole a sagacious insect, should charge into an aeroplane at that height is hard to explain, unless it had been swept there by some uprush of a thunderstorm eddy, or had gone up with the aeroplane. But the occurrence is not quite alone. Another Imperial Airways pilot found his windscreen covered with green-fly at three-quarters of a mile high!

Insects evidently often rise to hundreds of feet, the height where the swifts pursue them, but unless they are imitating the birds, which always seek the upper reaches when they are in a hurry, the presence of the green-fly and the wasp so high must have been caused by mere light-heartedness.

A NATION'S FIRST KING

Hungary Keeps a Great Anniversary

Hungary, not yet formally a Republic, has been celebrating the 928th anniversary of the coronation of her first ruler, King Stephen.

A procession of a hundred thousand people, watched by twice as many more, was headed by the Regent, as the Head of the State is still called, and by some of the Hapsburg archdukes who would like to be Stephen's successors.

Before them was borne the embalmed right hand of King Stephen, who spent his life converting his people to Christianity by the strange argument of the sword!

OUR TRAVELLED BOYS

Scotland Exchanges a Greeting with Denmark

HAPPY BOY BRIGADERS

One of the most pleasing features of the modern organisations for boys, such as the Boys' Brigade and the Boy Scouts, is that they often enable groups of boys to see something of foreign lands and foreign boys. A happy instance of this spread of personal knowledge of foreign countries has been seen in the visit of the members of 'Scottish Boys' Brigades this summer to Denmark.

Last year a party of officers and boys of the Danish Boys' Brigade visited Scotland, and were the guests of the Scottish Brigaders. They saw Edinburgh, climbed mountains in the Highlands, and visited the lofty Island of Arran, a fine experience for boys living in a flat country like Denmark.

A Wonderful Holiday

This year a party of Scottish boys have spent a sixteen days' holiday in Denmark. The party, numbering 38, represented seven B.B. battalions. They wore the kilt as well as the brigade uniform, and had a pipe band.

The Danish Boys' Brigade was celebrating its 25th anniversary on the King of Denmark's estate, and the Scottish boys joined the camp there. On leaving they toured the country, visiting Hans Christian Andersen's birthplace and Elsinore, the supposed scene of Shakespeare's Hamlet. Then they finished with five days in Copenhagen.

Such experiences by the youth of different countries has an international value that cannot be over-estimated.

THE ELECTRIC SHIP

Making Its Way

The first large electric passenger ship has been begun at Newport News, in Virginia.

Electric ships must, of course, have steam or oil engines to drive the dynamos which generate the electric current; but the main feature is that the propeller shaft is driven directly by electric motors which derive their power from the dynamos.

It seems rather a long way round, first to make steam, then electricity, then power for the propeller by means of motors; but that the electric ship is gaining ground may be seen from the fact that there are already forty large electric vessels on the seas, representing a tonnage of nearly 120,000. The new passenger ship now building will have oil-fired boilers and an electrical equipment built at Schenectady by the General Electric Company. She will thus depend on oil, steam, and electricity.

TWO HOARDS

One Lost, the Other Found

We have heard a great deal lately of the advantages and disadvantages of a paper currency. Two stories just to hand, showing the fate of two hoards, illustrate one disadvantage which the specialists may have overlooked.

One story tells how behind a stone in the roof of an old Sussex mansion a workman found a bag containing four hundred silver coins of the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuart kings.

The other tells how a farmworker of Donegal hid a packet of banknotes in the rafters of his cottage, and found, when he went to look for his notes, that rats had eaten all but a few shreds of them.

BRITAIN'S WAY WHY FOLLOW RUSSIA TO RUIN?

Mr. Norman Angell Warns
the Revolution Men

A BOOK TO SET THEM THINKING

MUST BRITAIN TRAVEL THE MOSCOW ROAD?
By Norman Angell. (Noel Douglas). 5s.

Mr. Norman Angell, had his voice been listened to by the War Men of Europe, would have saved us from the Great War. Now he has spoken again, and his book is crammed with common sense for all of us.

Trotsky, the Bolshevik leader, recently wrote a book under the title *Where is Britain Going?* and Mr. Norman Angell has examined its arguments, and appeals to the British people to join him in thinking about what the book means.

The Danger of Drifting

Mr. Angell has a right to make that appeal, for before the war he wrote a book which foretold how such a war would be bound to end in enormous loss for all who were concerned in it, without gain to anybody. A sufficient amount of his forecast was right to make us respect his thoughtfulness and listen to what he has to say of the future.

He points out that only looking ahead can avoid national calamities. War was altogether unreasonable, yet it came. Now the vast mass of the British people think that Revolution is unreasonable, as indeed it is, but without forethought may we not drift into it, as we drifted into war?

It is Revolution for Britain on which Trotsky and the Bolsheviks are bent, and we had better face the facts and know what they signify. Mr. Angell sets himself the task of stating the case as Trotsky states it, and shows why the position Trotsky takes up is a bad one.

Statesmanship Needed

It would be well if every thoughtful citizen could read this book, and particularly all who have been fascinated by the idea that Communism is a step forward. Especially Mr. Angell argues that change by Revolution, which is the Trotsky way, is totally unsuited to modern conditions of life and industry. He notes that Trotsky entirely shirks the question of the complete failure of Communism as an industrial plan in Russia. What the Revolution has done in Russia is to establish a military and political tyranny controlled by a small party. Wherever industry has been in any way sustained in Russia the State has had to return to Capitalism.

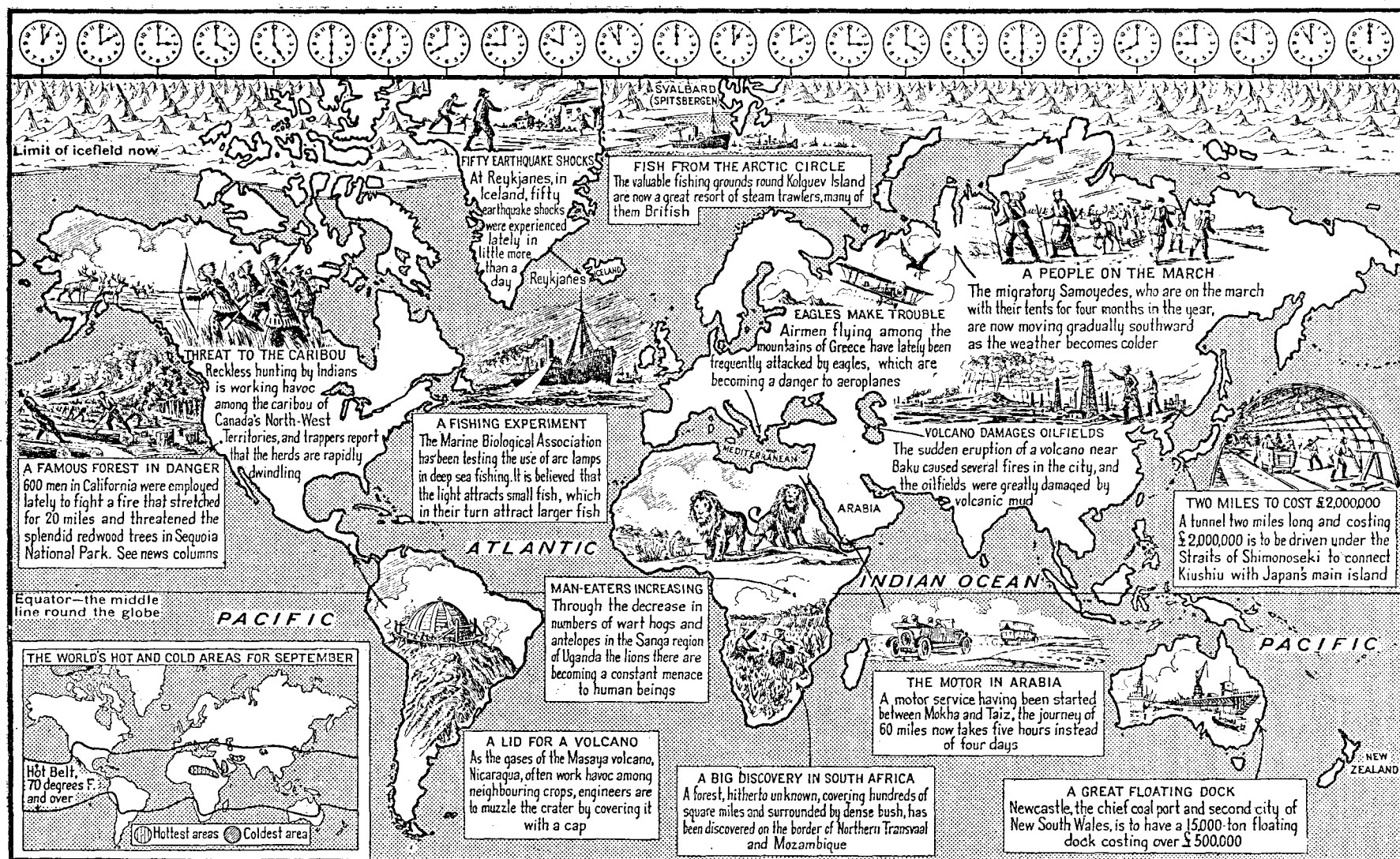
If the Russian failure has been so complete what has Western Europe to fear from it? Mr. Angell's reply is that it has nothing to fear if it will open its eyes and look ahead, but its danger is that it does not open its eyes and does not look ahead. Revolution has a chance only where statesmanship fails. It is for the British people to see that its statesmanship does not fail; it is for us to see that our Governments realise what the changing times demand. Mr. Angell shows that present modes of government, and of industry, can meet those demands adequately and wisely.

A Peace-Time Patriotism

Meantime a present need is a Patriotism for Peace-time as real and as general as the thrilling patriotism evoked in the days of the war. A sense of justice and a fellow-feeling for our own countrymen, whosoever they may be, are the nation's surest safeguard. No wild ideas from without will harm us if we are united in heart among ourselves.

The whole tendency of this book is toward a thoughtful adaptation of our government, industries, and material resources to meet the reasonable needs of a self-governing people, and so carry on a gradual evolution and make all thought of violent change absurd.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



BIG TREES IN PERIL Centuries of Life Threatened in a Fire FIGHTING LINE 20 MILES LONG

There has been a tremendous fire in the Sequoia National Forest of California. Something like a hundred thousand acres have been burned up, happily mainly bush and small timber.

A fighting line twenty miles long, manned by a forest staff and hundreds of volunteers, fought the fire night and day, yet the flames jumped a river and actually reached the edge of the great Muir Grove of redwood trees before they were finally conquered.

Sequoia is the name given both to the famous big tree and its brother the redwood, both native to California. They are the tallest trees in America, probably in the world, growing to 300 and even 400 feet, with a diameter of 20 to 28 feet at the base. Probably they are also the oldest trees in the world, the age of some of those in California being estimated at four or five thousand years. We have one or two yews believed to be a thousand years old, but even the cedars of Lebanon, said to reach two thousand years, cannot compare with the sequoia. It would have been a tragic thing if their ancient lives had perished in the flames before the eyes of men.

A DIAMOND RUSH

A farm called Treasure Trove in the Lichtenburg district of the Transvaal has been the scene of another diamond rush.

There were fifteen thousand runners, including 120 women. One syndicate employed thirty university student athletes, but two men taking part had wooden legs, and another had crutches!

Over twenty thousand claims will be pegged out, and the new diggings are expected to have a population of fifty thousand before long.

THE WAR STILL ON? Boys Fined for Singing a National Hymn

Germans must not be patriots in the occupied areas: there the Great War is still on.

German schoolboys sailing up the Rhine on a holiday tour sang their national hymn, Deutschland über Alles. Officers of the French Army of Occupation heard of it and fined their schoolmaster £25.

The schoolmaster had forgotten that it is only in the area occupied by the British that patriotic songs are allowed. There, German newspapers assure us, British soldiers stand up when the national hymn is sung.

Perhaps the French still accept the absurd translations of this hymn current during the war. Then it was said that Deutschland über Alles meant Germany over Everybody; conquerors of the world. Of course it means no such thing. It merely says that with a German his country comes first, as with an Englishman or a Frenchman.

The C.N. thinks the world comes first, but in any case it is surely time for national hymns to have full freedom and for this war to end.

A FALLING MAN SAVES HIMSELF

One would suppose that to lose footing at the top of a chimney-stack 90 feet high must mean certain death, yet a steeplejack has lived to tell of such an accident at Newport, Monmouthshire.

A rope was hanging from top to bottom of the chimney, and as he fell he managed to seize it about a third of the way down. On it he slithered safely to the ground. His hands were burned by the friction, but that was all!

SOUND v. WIRELESS A Race to a Ship

Two fog-signalling stations off the German coast, one at the mouth of the Ems and the other on the Meuse, are using a new system of warning vessels by which a ship can tell how far it is from shore. It is done by making a sound travelling through the water race a wireless signal!

The sound from a submarine bell travels at about 1360 yards a second through the water, but a wireless signal, travelling with the speed of light, takes so little time that it need not be counted. The operator on the ship thus hears the wireless signals instantly and the submarine signals later. The wireless signals are recorded as dots, which are marked on a travelling paper ribbon, so many a second, and the operator has merely to count how many dots appear between the beginning of the wireless signal and the hearing of the submarine bell to find how far away he is.

Two lightships are just now being equipped by Trinity House to test submarine signalling, using an under-water oscillator which vibrates 1050 times a minute. The signals will be picked up by ships provided with submarine telephones, or hydrophones.

THE KITTEN IN THE CASE Shut Up for a Week

When some packing-cases were opened the other day after lying for a week on the quay, where a Cunard liner was to call for them, faint mews were heard, and it was discovered that a kitten had been packed in with the goods.

But Pussy jumped out gaily, none the worse for her imprisonment. How she managed to get enough air to live on during those seven days nobody has since been able to understand. The ways of cats are very mysterious, however, and cannot always be explained.

The ancient Egyptians never tried to explain the cat. They worshipped him.

A COAL PORTER RETIRES Champion Life-Saver of the World THE HOBBY SPLENDID

A coal porter who made a hobby of rescuing people from drowning in the Regent's Canal and other watery graves in London has just retired from both occupations, worn out at sixty.

Thomas Jackson has a record of 102 rescues to his credit. He was ten years old when he made his first score, and the last was during a holiday at Folkestone only a few weeks ago. Now the doctor declares that in saving another life he would probably lose his own.

Mr. Jackson has three medals with ten bars and 14 Royal Humane Society certificates. The canal-side children of Haggerston gave him a Bible. An American society sent him a shield with the title of Champion Life-Saver of the World. One of the medals is from Londoners in Queensland, in celebration of his 75th rescue. Every inch of the walls of his parlour in Hackney is covered with testimonials. One of his exploits was to rescue the beach patrol charged with the protection of bathers at Hastings, who could not swim himself!

For his forty years or so as a coal porter Mr. Jackson has a pension of 18s. 6d. a week; for his 102 rescues he has had, besides the medals and certificates, five pounds ten shillings. A subscription is being raised to ease his declining days.

A TON GOES 100 MILES FOR A PENNY

Transport is cheap in some parts of the world, however expensive it seems to us at home.

An engineering paper states that at the present rate of exchange goods can be sent a hundred miles by junk on the Chinese river Hwaiho for a penny a ton.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 11 1926

A New Sort of Girl

THERE is a new type of girl in our midst. She is only a factory hand, according to her own description, but she is a very important part of our industrial life, and she is interesting too.

Years ago the girl who worked in a factory was a slattern. Many, no doubt, were plucky and kind-hearted, but it was not pleasant to see a group coming down the street arm in arm, shouting rough jokes to strangers, and dressed in grimy, torn clothes, with their hair in curling-pins.

Visit a big factory today, and you will see soap being packed or chocolates being made by an army of charming girls. They all seem to be pretty; it is because their cheeks are pink and their eyes shine with health, and because spotless overalls, glossy hair, and beautifully kept hands are so pleasant to look at. They keep their bodies healthy by playing games in the factory grounds, and their minds healthy by joining an orchestra, a reading circle, or a dramatic society.

The girls are different partly because the factories are different. Human beings grow like their surroundings. The old factories were dark and dirty. The new ones are light, airy, and kept scrupulously clean. The old factories were merely places of labour; the new ones are centres of social life, places with halls and parks where the workers gather after work to dance, play tennis, or listen to a lecture.

Very wise and clever has one great chocolate-making firm been. It has employed no welfare staff at all; it has only told the workers that they shall have so many hundreds of pounds a year for welfare purposes if they elect a committee from among themselves to control the funds. This has been done for some years now, and the workpeople have dealt with thousands of pounds. How has the money been spent?

Of course there are fine sports grounds, with pavilions and bathrooms for the ten thousand people who play every kind of game, from football to clock golf. Nor is it surprising to learn that Gilbert and Sullivan operas are produced, and that there is a flourishing branch of the English Folk Dance Society. But many people will be startled to know that most of the money has been spent on things educational. Scholarships have been founded. Classes have been held. Distinguished men have been invited to lecture on music, Greek art, the League of Nations, and natural history.

What an immense gap there is between the factory girl of yesterday and today! Here, at any rate, Democracy is travelling along the right road!



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon, Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



How to Reduce Taxes

EVERYONE agrees that our taxation is too heavy, but few people agree as to how we should economise.

The C.N. has a suggestion. *Why not economise on unnecessary illness?*

It is estimated that £600,000,000 is lost to the nation every year through preventable disease. No Government can save that six hundred millions; we must do it ourselves. Let us decide to be scrupulously clean, to sleep with open windows, to take exercise, and to eat sensible food, remembering that more people have died of over-feeding than of under-feeding. In this quiet way we can serve the nation, lessen our taxes, and give ourselves good health.

Martha and Mary

Dedicated to All Kitchenmaids

When Martha sweeps the kitchen
She is businesslike and quick;
She searches out the places
Where the dust lies very thick.
But she flusters with the dusters
And makes such a cloud of dust
That you leave room, Martha, and
broom,
For go you simply must!

When Mary sweeps the kitchen
She will do it dreamily,
Making poems on the cobwebs
(For no speedy girl is she).
But while she sweeps her calmness
keeps

The kitchen free from dust.
You watch her face and quiet grace
And stay because you must!

ESTELLE BOUGHTON

The Touch of a Vanished Hand

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

OFTEN it is a little thing that quickens in us a sense of the nearness of the mighty ones of the Earth.

A few days ago the postman brought a postcard from Wagner's son. Such a humdrum thing a postcard usually is, but this one bore the postmark of Bayreuth, where Siegfried Wagner is living. "Honoured sir," began the message, which was a humble correction of a mistake in a musical paper.

But what interested us more than this, and brought a little thrill, was the thought that the hand which pencilled this must often have been held in Wagner's hand when the master had put his music aside to take his little son for a walk.

Here is another small thing that seemed very big. A few days ago the writer heard a fragment of an old man's voice, an old man long since gone from this world: a faltering voice, hard to follow at first, but vibrant with a strength that seemed more than physical. It was the voice of Tolstoy on the gramophone.

Science can give us the sound of a voice that is still, but will it ever bring the touch of a vanished hand? Yet the postcard seemed to do that.

Back to Milton

From a Literary Wanderer

FRENCH poets are often very poor. Indeed they are sometimes known to have no money to pay for a room, and during these bad times some of them struggle on by spending their evenings dozing in cafés which are open all night, or sleeping out of doors. But their natural dignity is not impaired; they walk with a lively step.

Writers in this country often complain of the way they are paid, but in France they are paid at terrible rates. The standard pay for two pages in one of the most famous reviews of France is now equal to about half-a-crown. At this rate an ordinary sized novel would only produce ten pounds! That is getting back to something like Milton's rate of pay for *Paradise Lost*—and *Paradise Lost* it is, the French writers would say!

Tip-Cat

IF Professor Forbes is right, and the Moon is made of ice, the Man in the Moon is probably a snow-man.

It is suggested that cricket balls should be oval. Anything for a change. Why not underground wickets?

MR. CHURCHILL has no intention of abolishing threepenny-bits. Let us be thankful for small mercies.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If a Scotsman
laughs at his
own expense

FEW English people, says a foreigner, know when they have had enough. The rest cannot get enough.

A RUSSIAN scientist declares that he has found waves which will kill every living thing. Now we shall not be long.

BEFORE long, writes an enthusiast, a telephone will be installed in every house like water.

Pity there are so few houses like that.

THERE was once a boy who was going to the dogs. He is now a man who thinks other boys are going to the dogs.

THE English, as a race, are not so stout as they used to be. Yet they still know how to make the most of themselves.

A Song of Peter Puck

Lines suggested on reading of the clock started by the earthquake.

Tune: *If I had a donkey.*

IF I had a clock that wouldn't go
Do you think I'd hammer it—
oh, dear no!

I'd wait for an earthquake
To give it a shock,
Which of it would make
A regular clock!

A Hero in Trouble

IT is easy to say that the world is hard and selfish, but it is dangerous to say so. Something is sure to turn up to prove that it is kind.

The other day we read with indignation about the case of Frederick Henry Hide. During the war he fought at Heligoland, Cuxhaven, Zeebrugge, and the Dardanelles. He pressed the button which blew up the *Intrepid* at Zeebrugge. Having done that plucky thing he jumped overboard, and swam blindly. He saw a boat and clambered into it, but it was a German boat, and overboard he went again; and because the Germans thought he was dead he escaped by swimming till he was picked up by a British boat.

Hide was given the D.S.M. and a naval pension of a guinea a week. But he has a wife and four children, and his rent is 18s. 6d. Ever since August, 1925, he has been tramping about in a vain search for work. He pawned his medals and his wife's wedding ring, but at last the day came when he could not pay the rent. The L.C.C. were patient, and he hoped to pay when he got work, but in the end he was sued for possession of his house.

So this heroic seaman found himself in the dock like a criminal. Yet he was a skilled electrician, and was eager to do any sort of work. The judge said it was disgraceful that no one would give such a man work.

But in two days we heard that Hide had been overwhelmed with offers of work. All over the country there were people eager to give him employment. The jobs and the salaries were various. When a reporter asked him which he had accepted Hide answered "The first." Clearly we must not despair of human nature; in the end it does not fail us.

Leave Us The Lanes

WHO did not like that appeal to a Yorkshire Council to close a lane to motor traffic?

It is no use to bewail the fact that you can no longer exercise children or dogs on the King's highway. Every year there will be more cars, more charabancs, more reckless motorists.

But there is no reason why children, dogs, naturalists, lovers, and other people who take life slowly and sweetly should be driven out of the lanes as well. A member of the County Council said the lanes should be left for courting couples. Other people besides Romeo and Juliet dislike being smothered in dust and having their conversation drowned by the hideous shriek of a motor-cycle. Children get tired of walking close to the ditch; poets like to listen to a bird without endangering their lives; and dogs will be dogs.

It is only fair that those who have driven us off the high road, and would prosecute us if we walked in the fields, should leave our lanes in peace.

A GREAT NATION'S GREAT STEP CONTRIBUTION TO WORLD PEACE

Japan's Foreign Office Removes
a Cause of Friction

TO PEOPLE HER OWN LANDS

A great step has been taken of which we shall hear little from the War Men; and it is therefore desirable that those who love peace shall spread the news far and wide abroad.

It is a favourite invention of scare-mongers that Japan is preparing for a world war to win new territories for her overcrowded people. More than once the C.N. has tried to show how baseless the accusation is, and now comes an announcement by the Japanese Foreign Office that a change is to be made in her emigration policy for the very reason that she desires not to create enmity among her sister nations.

Japanese for Japan

It has been realised, says the Japanese Foreign Office, that it only causes trouble and ill-feeling to send surplus population where it is not wanted. Japan has discovered the futility and folly of such endeavours; and, instead of sending emigrants to Australia and Canada and the United States, she will in future encourage migration to those of her own possessions which are capable of maintaining settlers.

Before his death some months ago the great Japanese statesman Viscount Kato declared that "Japan's territory, home and colonial, is sufficient for her needs for at least a century, and probably for two, for Japan can make one acre feed four persons."

Room for Settlers

Japan looks so small on the map, and is so far away, that probably few of us realise what an immense population she has. Japan proper houses over 60 million people. Only five countries in all the world have a larger population, while as regards density of population she ranks third.

But, curiously enough, the most northerly island of Japan proper, Hokkaido, in spite of its great natural resources in forests and minerals, is still comparatively thinly populated. Then there is the great island of Formosa, acquired from China, Korea, the Japanese part of Sakhalin, and finally Manchuria.

As a matter of fact, Japan has never been very active in promoting emigration into other countries, with the one exception of the State aid she gave to emigration to Brazil. She has simply allowed her people to seek entry where they would, and her new policy merely substitutes for this neutrality the active encouragement of migration to her own colonies.

A World Danger Removed

Yet much of the world's unrest has been caused by the belief that she intended to resist by force the exclusion of her people from California or from Australia. Americans have constantly urged the need of a big navy to resist this supposed menace, and one of the great arguments used in favour of the new British naval base at Singapore, which most people in this country do not want, was the demand of Australia for our support in resisting a similar danger. This new move of Japan should finally put an end to this kind of talk; it removes from world politics one of the great dangers of war.

Happiness, said Viscount Kato, lies on the side of racial integrity, and he declared that Japan would never use her power of aggression, her one desire being to go forward in equal honour with her sister nations, "each placing its special gifts at the service of all." Viscount Kato has gone, but his spirit still works among his people.

A RUFFIAN HARD AT WORK

EVERYWHERE people are complaining of being bitten by mosquitoes, but, though these pests deserve the worst that can be said of them, the real mischief-maker is the harvester, which abounds everywhere, from the Surrey hills to the Northern counties and the fair fields of France.

The harvester is a tiny spider, no bigger than two millimetres, or about a sixteenth of an inch long. But its eggs hatch out much smaller harvesters, which have only three legs and are only a tenth of the size of the four-legged harvester which lays them.

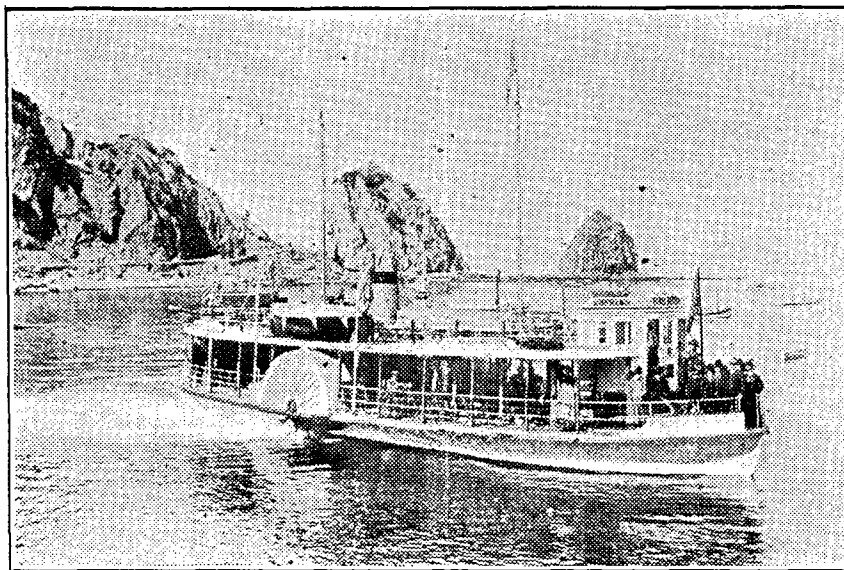
Like their parent, they are blood-suckers from their birth, and every four-legged harvester lays them by the thousand. By tens of thousands the young harvesters cling to grasses and to

the stalks of wheat, and they have a great partiality for chalk lands.

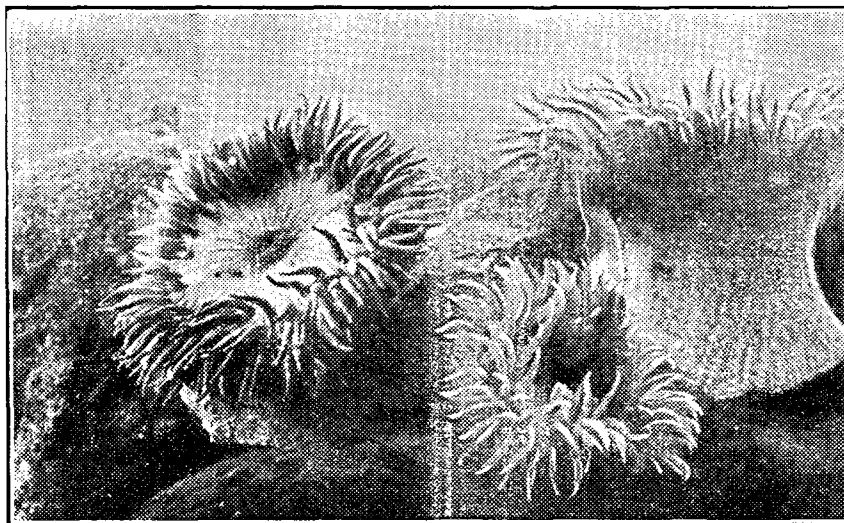
As trousers or skirts brush by the wheat or grass the harvesters are swept off, and soon discover that there is food for them inside the garments. As they are very small they travel rather slowly, and may take a day before they find a way to a meal, but they can and do spread all over the body; and, like the guest in the story, where they sleep they dine.

Most of the irritation is caused by the young three-legged harvester, which acquires a fourth leg only when it arrives at maturity. The four-legged one will burrow in the skin and lay its eggs there, and this is the most irritating of all. Animals, including dogs, suffer most from the four-legged attackers.

A NEW WAY OF SEEING THINGS



A party on board the glass-bottomed boat



The beauties seen through the bottom of the boat

Glass-bottomed excursion steamers are becoming more and more popular at Californian seaside resorts, and excursionists who patronise them are able to watch the anemones and other beauties of the sea bed as they pass over the calm waters of the bays

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The National Lifeboat Institution has now sixty motor-lifeboats in its service.

A boy in Nottingham has died from blood-poisoning due to pricking his hand with the point of a tin pencil protector.

Windmills to Make Electricity

An American railway is using windmills to generate the power required to operate the electric signals along its lines.

The Beauty of Barmouth

Barmouth Urban Council has instructed its men to tear down posters which hide or disfigure the beauty of rocks adjoining main roads.

London's Pigeons

The London County Council is promoting a Bill in Parliament to give authority to "seize and destroy or sell or otherwise dispose of" London pigeons, in order to reduce their number.

A small derelict motor-boat has been sold for four shillings at Bridlington.

Judge Stanley Weir, of Montreal, author of the Canadian National Hymn "O Canada," has just died, aged seventy.

The Great Unfit

Eighty-two army recruits and ninety-five police candidates in every hundred are rejected as unfit, chiefly through lack of nourishment in childhood.

A Jet of Water

New York has a fire-engine that will pump a two-inch stream of water two hundred feet high before it breaks into spray.

Justice and Freedom

A kind magistrate, fining a man a shilling for keeping a linnet in too small a cage, bought the bird from the man and let it fly through the window.

OUR 2000 NEW CARS A WEEK AND AMERICA'S HUNDRED THOUSAND

What Would George
Stephenson Have Said of it All?
INDUSTRY'S AMAZING STRIDES

It is an impressive thought that 2000 new motor-cars take our roads every week in the year, but the figures of the American industry are almost overwhelming. For every new car we build they scrap twenty old ones and make fifty new ones. They are making nearly a hundred thousand new cars every week.

Business returns show that Americans will discard two million cars this year, and that the numbers put out of use will increase annually till, four years hence, the number thrown on the scrap-heap will total three millions. Fortunately, America, while not as great a country as its proud sons fondly imagine, really is great in size, or it might be feared that this enormous turn-out of cars would overcrowd the whole of the continent.

Artificial and Real Horse-Power

The total number of new motor-cars to be sold in the United States during next year will, it is estimated, be nearer five millions than four. In less than a week American car-buyers could absorb the entire British output for a year.

At this rate the increase of artificial horse-power in the United States is quite prodigious. All told, our natural horse-power in Great Britain, from the actual animals, comes to less than two millions, the number of our horses. American cars will add 90 million horse-power to that nation's mechanical road resources, even if we allow only twenty horse-power to a car.

Quantity v. Quality

The latest figures estimate the value of all the livestock of the United Kingdom at 300 million pounds. America will this year spend 450 million pounds on cars, if we keep the average price down to £100 a car, which is, of course, absurdly low, for even there the tendency is toward cars of higher cost and quality.

We can never equal American rates of production or absorption; but they, on the other hand, have never equalled the quality of our best British cars. We have not a population large enough to buy all the cars we could make, and we have not roads long enough to carry the vehicles if we could get the machines.

Too Many Motor-Cars Already

In fact, the multiplication of mechanical vehicles is fast becoming one of the most serious problems of modern life. There are too many everywhere. Our weekly two thousand new cars add two thousand new dangers to life. American statistics of motor accidents read like the details of old-time wars before the forces were entire nations; and our own grow increasingly terrible week-end by week-end, making a shocking total of fatalities in the course of a year apart from minor accidents.

That, however, is a matter for high authority; here it is enough to note the marvel of this enormous production of a wonderful type of transport, still quite a new invention, an infant compared with the bicycle, a century younger than the balloon, the junior of the submarine, younger even than wireless, yet issuing from the factories of the world almost at the rate of newspapers. What, we wonder, would George Stephenson have said of it all?

THE JOY OF THINGS NEWS FROM A CITY AND AN ISLAND

Running From a Street to Meet a Great Liner

TALES OF TWO SHEEP

Some people have a way of finding romance anywhere; and happy are they.

One of our occasional correspondents has this knack. With her, we judge, everywhere is the right place for seeing something interesting; or, if she does not see it, she hears of it. Take examples from a recent note. Clydebank, looking down on the river where the ships come up, is her point of observation, and she writes these notes.

As I loitered along our street a neighbour, usually staid and regular, bounded excitedly out of his house.

"There she is!" he shouted. "I'll just get her in fine time!" and away he rushed to catch the next bus to Glasgow.

She, in this case, was a noble liner, whose funnel we could just see down the river, her masts so distant and high that their flags looked like children's handkerchiefs.

Fuchsia Hedges

An hour later a laden taxi deposited at our neighbour's house a daughter, home for the holidays for the first time after eight years of foreign life. Fancy living in a street where you can identify a great ship by which your friends are travelling, and then race her the eight land miles up to the docks!

At present in our short row there are at least four folks home from different parts of the globe, from Africa, India, Canada, and U.S.A. That in itself is like a bit of adventure.

Another touch of romance comes to me from friends just returned from a holiday in Arran, where the fuchsia hedges are so luxuriant that they have to be continually snipped and pruned as if they were common garden box.

The Tame Sheep of Arran

Very fearless of human beings the sheep are there. My friend was sitting on a bench shared by another visitor when she was startled by his giving a sudden call. She felt annoyed, fearing he would frighten the sheep, but she sat still. The stranger kept on calling, and then over the hilltop in the distance appeared a sheep and a lamb, racing to the bench. They came to investigate the gentleman's pockets, and find what he had hidden there for them!

On another occasion my friend and her husband were awakened by strange sounds in the middle of the night. So accustomed were they by this time to the gentle stillness of Arran that it took considerable will-power to conquer the feeling of uncertainty and creep downstairs to investigate. What they found was a sheep determinedly butting at the door of an outhouse in which her lamb had accidentally been shut up. She would have gone on butting till she had broken down the door or killed herself if Providence, in the form of my friends, had not intervened. Do you wonder that we are planning a holiday some time in this land of lambs and fuchsias?

A DOG'S STRANGE RIDE 1000 Miles in a Grain Wagon

A poor collie dog which crawled out of a railway train wagon the other day must have lain buried in the grain for a week, travelling thus a thousand miles.

The wagon was laden at Kindersley, Saskatchewan, and was unloaded a week later for shipment at Port Arthur, in Ontario. The dog must have jumped in as the grain was being poured into the wagon so fast as to overwhelm it. It is a marvel that it should have lived through such an experience.

BAD MANNERS OF THE MOTOR-CYCLIST

To be Stopped by Law QUIETER STREETS IN LONDON AND PARIS

It is the law of the land in England that the owners of all motor vehicles must fit silencers to their machines to prevent the gases leaving their exhaust pipes from making too much noise.

We all know, however, from the noise they make that thousands of careless motor-cyclists break this law every day, with policemen looking on.

The Home Secretary has been trying to come to an understanding with motor-cycle makers about it, but without success, and he has now issued a warning to motorists that the law will be strictly enforced. There were some four thousand prosecutions in London alone last year with little effect, and the Home Secretary means to take further steps.

Paris to Take Action

London is better than Paris, at any rate, in this matter of silencers. There neither motor-cars nor motor-cycles appear to trouble at all about them, and the noise is terrific; but the Prefect of Police in Paris, M. Morin, who has been making the traffic there much more orderly than it used to be, is going to try to make it quieter too.

Silencers are soon to be made compulsory, and those hideous screams made by attaching horns to the exhaust will likewise be forbidden. Even the ordinary motor horns are to be regulated into uniformity, and squeaking and shrieking are to be discouraged, while the number of blasts on any given occasion is to be strictly limited.

THE CARIBOU HERDS Senseless Slaughter

Just as men all but exterminated the buffalo, so there is danger that they will destroy even the vast herds of caribou, the North American reindeer.

There are still hundreds of thousands of these caribou, and they roam the barren northern wilds in such vast herds that they sometimes take three or four days to pass a given point. But the Indians and half-breed hunters who live on the edge of the barren lands kill them by the thousand, sometimes seventy or eighty in a day, not for food, but for the love of killing.

Thus the animals are driven farther and farther north, and in large stretches of country where they have hitherto been available for food they are no longer to be found. Trappers from all parts of Northern Canada are pressing for regulations to prevent the wholesale slaughter of caribou.

MORE WHEAT GROWN IN ENGLAND

First Increase Since 1921

For the first time since 1921 there has been an increase in the area of wheat sowings in England and Wales.

The total area on holdings of over an acre is 1,592,000 acres, this being exactly the odd 92,000 acres more than last year. In the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire alone the increase is nearly 18,000 acres. But the total area under crops and permanent pasture, over 25 million acres, has decreased by 80,000 acres, though rough grazing has increased by about half that amount.

Plough land has decreased, though by much less this year than last year. It stands at ten and a half million acres. The barley sowings, little more than a million acres, are the smallest on record.

A CHAIR FOR CANBERRA

Westminster's Gift for Australia's Parliament THINGS FOR THE SPEAKER TO REMEMBER

A much-prized possession of the new Federal Parliament House of Australia, to be opened at Canberra next spring, will be a copy of the Speaker's Chair at Westminster.

This is being presented by the British members of the Empire Parliamentary Association. Like the original, it is of solid oak, over 13 feet high, and elaborately carved. The Royal arms above the canopy are carved from beams from the roof of Westminster Hall, which may date back to 1399.

Timbers from Nelson's flagship Victory have been used for the flaps in the arms of the chair, in which are writing tablets and other stationery.

On carved scrolls down the sides of the chair are these mottoes in Latin:

The hand that deals justly is a sweet smelling ointment.

A heedful and faithful mind is conscious of rectitude.

Justice is influenced by neither entreaties nor gifts.

Liberty lies in the laws.

Envy is the enemy of honour.

Praise be to God.

Let us hope the Commonwealth Parliament at Canberra will bear all these wise sayings in mind.

WHAT THE TITANIC TAUGHT THE WORLD Lesson of a Great Disaster

All the grown-up world remembers with a pathetic thrill when the Titanic went down, sunk by an iceberg.

Since that day no big ship has been sunk by an Atlantic iceberg; the Governments of the world have learned a great lesson, and learned it effectively. They have faced the iceberg danger, and are dealing with it so that no Titanic is ever likely to go down again.

Now that the danger for this year is over, and summer is waning in the ice-fields north of Labrador, the glaciers are preparing next year's crop of icebergs to fall like over-ripe apples into the Polar seas and be borne by the Labrador current into the waters of the Atlantic.

The last of the spring iceberg crop of 1926 has melted or been dispersed, and the last patrol of the international ice-fleet which was instituted by the United States to warn the transatlantic ships of these dangers has returned to port at Boston. The fleet is reinforced by British ice patrols and supported by other European nations; and these little vessels have been so successful in keeping watch and ward of the seas that not one ship of any nation has been lost at sea by collision with an iceberg since the service was started thirteen years ago.

As Big as St. Paul's

The United States patrol ships have added to their duties as watchmen the task of attempting to blow up parts of the bigger icebergs so as to make them disperse more quickly; but an iceberg needs a great deal of explosive before it hauls down its glacial flag.

The largest iceberg sighted in 1926 by the U.S. patrol was a monster of a million tons, covering as much space as St. Paul's Cathedral, and even more massive. No less than 210 pounds of high explosive were placed on it and fired by electricity. The great mass quivered, but even this miniature earthquake shortened its life by no more than two days at a generous estimate. The biggest icebergs have to be watched for weeks and left to fade away by melting in the warmer waters they invade.

MRS. HIPPO'S BABY

A BIRTH AT THE ZOO

How the First Zoo-born Hippo was Kidnapped from its Cage AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

The biggest baby in England was born the other day at the London Zoo. Its mother was a hippopotamus, and it was the first baby hippopotamus to be born at the Zoo since 1872, when two were born, one dying within four days and the other surviving to grow up into a bigger animal than its mother.

The new baby already weighs more than a hundredweight, and when it is full-grown, at twelve years old, it will weigh three-and-a-half tons. Although so big and fat, it is quite agile, and within a few hours of birth was playing with its mother and turning somersaults in the water.

Trying to Steal the Baby

It was only so recently as 1850 that the first hippopotamus arrived at the London Zoo, and the first one to be born in London made its appearance in 1872. Mr. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Gardens, watched the baby carefully, and at the end of the first day came to the conclusion that it was not thriving. He therefore decided to see if he could remove it from its mother and bring it up on the bottle. But how to get hold of the baby was the problem.

The keeper tried to capture the baby while the mother was in her tank, but no sooner did he try to reach the little animal than the big one rushed at him, and stood before her child gnashing her teeth and threatening to attack the kidnapper.

Mr. Bartlett therefore decided to make the attempt himself. Knowing that the grown-up hippopotamus disliked the jet from the garden watering-engine, he had this machine wheeled to the railings of the enclosure, and instructed the keeper to play upon the mother's face and thus divert her attention, while he ran in and seized the baby.

A Heavy Armful

Everything was in readiness, but Mr. Bartlett had forgotten that, though the baby hippo was little in comparison with its mother, it was not really little.

"The feat of picking up and carrying the young one (he wrote) was not quite so easily managed as I had anticipated. I was astonished to find that the little beast was nearly 200 pounds in weight, and as slippery and slimy as an eel; and added to this, it struggled considerably in my arms. Placed in a warm room, on a soft bed of hay, and covered with a blanket, it seemed to revive. Two goats supplied it with plenty of warm milk, which it readily sucked from a large bottle in sufficient quantity, which caused me to think that I should be able to save its life; but it died."

London's first baby hippo, however, lived long enough to receive a name. It was called Umzivooboo.

THE TELEPHONE MARCHING ON

Will the Trunk Line Disappear?

One by one automatic exchanges are taking the place of the human exchange in the telephone world.

News comes now of a development which may lead to great changes as time goes on. A new telephone exchange has been almost completed in Berlin which will enable subscribers to talk to Hamburg direct without having to use the trunk exchange. When this is working the new system will be applied to other long-distance lines, and so trunk lines may one day disappear.

A PARISH OF FIVE

The Little Church Inside a Hospital

EMPTYING THE MONEY-BOX

Very few people who have lived in London all their lives know that there is a parish entirely inside a City hospital, the parish of St. Bartholomew-the-Less, which was never taken outside the foundation of the jester-monk, Rahere.

The church of St. Bartholomew-the-Less, which is 300 years old, having been rebuilt on the old site, is on the left of the courtyard of Bart's as you enter the main gate, and an amusing story is told of what happened a few years ago, when there was a rather large surplus in the offertory-box. "Let us divide it among the poor of the parish," said someone.

A Windfall for Bart's

But the parish, it was discovered, had only five residents, the hospital's two beadles, the messenger, the fireman, and his assistant. Quite a number of nurses and sisters, as well as the house-surgeon, live on the premises, but they are not residents, and could not qualify for inclusion among the poor; so the money found another use, and a good one, as all money does which goes to Bart's.

This famous hospital is over 800 years old, and they have not finished building it yet. Just now some fine new buildings are being added to provide bedrooms and rest-rooms, and the hospital has been lucky enough to sell to the City Corporation a strip of land in Little Britain, which it did not require, for quite a little fortune, which it required most urgently.

A LAW OF RICHARD II

Good Under George V

Few people know that a law passed as long ago as 1382 is still on the Statute Book, to curb those who desire to take the law into their own hands.

A certain farmer wished to turn a labourer out of one of his cottages. As the labourer had a wife and seven children, and could not find another cottage, he refused to leave. Further, he locked his door and screwed up his windows to prevent the farmer getting in. Upon this the farmer broke open the door with a crowbar and removed the labourer's furniture.

This led the other day to a prosecution of the farmer under the old Act referred to, which, as the judge trying the case said, was passed "to curb and restrain unruly barons." It had been kept on the Statute Book, he added, to prevent breaches of the peace.

The jury agreed with the judge that the farmer had no right to take the law into his own hands and found the farmer guilty, whereupon he was ordered to pay the costs of the action and was bound over to keep the peace of the realm.

FLYING VISITS

Lunch in Marseilles and Dinner in Paris

C.N. readers were recently informed of the facilities for travelling by aeroplane from London to Paris, lunching and shopping in the gay capital and returning for dinner.

Now a new service has been inaugurated which will enable people to go from Paris to Marseilles, with a stay of three hours in the Mediterranean city, and return to Paris for dinner on the same day. The total distance covered is 910 miles. Twenty-four hours' hard travelling would be necessary to do the journey by train. This new service will be a great boon to business men and other people in a hurry, as well as to travellers in haste to catch a boat leaving for India.

MERCHANT TAYLORS

LOSES ITS HEAD

A Fine Old School with Eight Pounds a Year

Dr. John Arbuthnot Nairn, who is retiring from the headmastership of Merchant Taylors School after 25 years, is a very remarkable man. He is only 52 now, and he became Head of Merchant Taylors when he was 27.

The first Head of Merchant Taylors was 31 when he was appointed, and that was 360 years ago. This famous school was founded in 1561 by the Merchant Taylors Company and the famous Richard Mulcaster was its first Master.

Within living memory there were at least six great public schools in the City of London. The Charterhouse was one, the Bluecoat another, and St. Paul's a third, besides the Merchant Taylors, the City of London, and the Mercers, which still remain. Now the Charterhouse, which used to be next door to the Merchant Taylors, is at Godalming, the famous Bluecoat School is at Horsham, and St. Paul's, once within a stone's-throw of the Bluecoat, has long been in Hammersmith.

Most of these famous old schools are well endowed, but Merchant Taylors has only a small income, so small that it hardly matters, for it only amounts to eight pounds a year, which is supposed to be spent on bread, cheese, and beer for the examiners when they pay their periodical visits. However, the Guild of Merchant Taylors is well able to afford the large sum which it costs them every year to keep their fine school on the right side of its accounts.

WHERE MESTROVIC

DREAMED HIS DREAMS

The Triumph of a Village Boy

Mestrovic, the great sculptor who was a poor village lad in the mountains of Serbia, has gone back to his native country with a great task before him which will take two years.

He has been commissioned by the City of Chicago to execute in bronze two gigantic figures of Red Indians, mounted on horseback and 18 feet high, to represent the Spirit of the West.

Two Indian chiefs, specially chosen for the honour of the sculptor's art, sat for the models which he has brought back with him to the town of Zagreb, where he will complete the work. As soon as he saw them Mestrovic was delighted. "They are like my own beloved people," he cried. "They inspire me, these magnificent Indians! I can work now."

Mestrovic has spent the winter in America for a number of years, and is held in the highest estimation by the American people. His own country cannot afford to pay him the great sums he earns by his work in the United States, but he has remained a lover of Serbia and of the mountains in which he dreamed his dreams as a poor shepherd boy.

A ROAD THAT

LIVERPOOL WANTS

And Manchester Does Not

After years of discussion a great new road between Liverpool and Manchester has been decided on.

It is to cost three million pounds and the Ministry of Transport will find three-quarters of the money. Manchester, however, is not contributing, for she fears the new road will compete with the Ship Canal. But Manchester is too wise to offer the bitter opposition to the scheme which Liverpool set up against the Ship Canal.

Liverpool wants the new road as part of a general scheme of improved communications, to be begun by the road tunnel under the Mersey into Cheshire.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK

IN HISTORY

What Are All the Great Ships to This?

On September 6, 1620, sailed the Pilgrim Fathers.

There was a flagship at the Battle of Actium which made Augustus Caesar master of the world. In modern times there have been flagships which have carried Hawke and Howe and Nelson to triumph.

What are they all, what are they all, in the chance of remembrance among men, to that little bark, the Mayflower, which reached these shores on December 22, 1620? Yes, brethren of New England, yes! that Mayflower was a flower destined to be of perpetual bloom! Its verdure will stand the sultry blasts of summer and the chilling winds of autumn. It will defy winter; it will defy all climate and all time, and will continue to spread its petals to the world, and to exhale an ever-living odour and fragrance to the last syllable of recorded time. DANIEL WEBSTER

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is the Goose Step?

The straight-legged, stiff-kneed parade step of the German infantry soldier.

What Does Infra Dig. Mean?

It is short for the Latin expression *Infra dignitatem*, and means beneath dignity.

How Did Dick Turpin Meet His Death?

This notorious highwayman was hanged at York for horse stealing. The romantic stories of him are quite legendary.

Which is the Native Country of the Aspidistra?

This plant of the lily order, which was first introduced into England in 1822, is a native of China and Japan.

What are the Stars Made Of?

By means of the spectroscope men have been able to find out that the stars are made up of elements, or substances, similar to those found on the Earth.

What is the Size of the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey?

This famous stone in the Coronation Chair is of reddish-grey sandstone, and is 26 inches long, 16½ inches wide, and 10½ inches thick.

Why Do Rose Trees Have Prickles?

According to botanists, in the course of ages these have been developed as a protection for the plant. No doubt a Luther Burbank could develop a variety of rose tree without thorns, but in nature those with thorns have survived, while those without have died out.

Is Northern Rhodesia a Crown Colony or a Protectorate?

The term Crown Colony is out of date since the Colonial Office took over the Protectorates from the Foreign Office. Territories are now Dominions, Colonies, and Protectorates. Northern Rhodesia is a territory in which the Crown governs directly through a Governor, and it is therefore a Protectorate. The Governor is assisted by an Executive Council and a Legislative Council, partly elected and partly nominated.

If Newfoundland is a British Dominion Why is She Not in the League of Nations?

Newfoundland has the rank of a self-governing Dominion, but the word Dominion has never been added to her title as in the case of New Zealand. Her population is only 260,000, against New Zealand's 1,382,000. Newfoundland was not one of the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles, and so did not become an original member of the League. If she applied for membership under Clause I of the Covenant there is nothing to stop her election, except the feeling that the British Empire has enough votes in the League already.

What Does P.S. Mean?

P.S. means postscript, from the Latin *post scriptum*. A postscript is that part of a letter which is written after the signature of the writer. P.S. also stands for Peter Simple, Peter Puck's clever cousin, who will be found in next week's Children's Pictorial answering all manner of questions in a way that all can understand.

THE RED PLANET

MARS IN THE EAST

Mysterious Polar Snows that Melt Away

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM

By the C.N. Astronomer

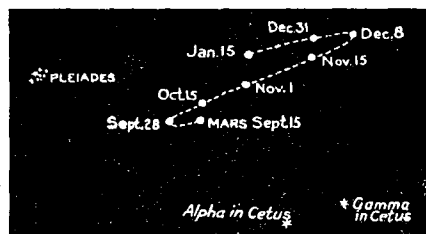
The fascinating planet Mars may now be seen low in the east after 10 p.m.

Rising at present at 9.20 p.m. and by the end of next week at 9 o'clock, he will rapidly rival Jupiter in brilliance, his rosy hue giving him that fiery aspect from which he derived his name nearly 3000 years ago. So there can be no mistaking Mars; he is the brightest orb in the eastern sky, about a third of the way up from the horizon toward overhead at midnight.

No bright stars are near, but Alpha and Gamma in Cetus are below Mars to the right, as shown in the star map.

At present Mars is about 55 million miles away, but the Earth is gradually getting nearer and will continue to do so until November 4, when Mars will be at his nearest and 42,620,000 miles from the Earth.

Mars will not come so close this time as in 1924, when on August 22 only 34,637,000 miles separated the two



The curious apparent path of Mars during the next four months

worlds. Then he was nearer to us than he had been for over a hundred years. On this occasion, however, Mars will be much better placed for observation, being in November and December at an altitude comparable with that of the Sun at midday in July.

The greater distance of 8 million miles will be counterbalanced by darker and longer nights, and by less atmospheric haze at the higher altitude.

The south pole of the planet will be turned toward the Earth, and as mid-summer on the southern hemisphere of Mars will occur in the first week of our October it is most probable that his polar snow-cap will vanish at this time, and then reappear a few weeks later.

This disappearance of the polar snows from Mars is a singular circumstance when it is remembered that the Sun as seen from Mars would appear not quite half the size that he does to us, and that Mars receives on an average but 43 per cent of the light and heat that we receive.

A Long Summer

We know that on our world the polar caps remain continuously as a large area of ice and snow, diminishing comparatively little during our summer; yet on Mars, 50 million miles farther from the Sun than we are, the snow often appears to vanish altogether.

The problem has not been quite satisfactorily solved, but one contributory cause is that the summer on Mars is twice as long as ours, 181 Martian days compared with 93 terrestrial days, a day on Mars being 24 hours 37½ minutes long compared with ours of but 23 hours 56 minutes.

It has been proved also that Mars has far less water vapour in his atmosphere, only 5 per cent of that, normally in the Earth's atmosphere; therefore a much thinner layer of snow would be deposited during the Martian winter, even though it is twice as long as ours.

Professor W. H. Pickering has estimated an average depth of 30 feet for the Martian polar cap, this being about as much as the Sun could melt in a Martian summer. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus in the east. In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter south, Uranus south-east, Mars east.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 47 A Friend in Need

FRUPPENY sprang at the motorcycle.

"John Andrew!" he cried. And now was not a second for explanations. "Take me up behind you! Oh, make haste!"

John Andrew, that stout fellow, bandied no words. He just shot one glance at the chase from the corner of his goggles, rucked up his body to make more room on the carrier, dropped his head over his handles, grunted, "Cling tight," and went off. The foremost pursuer made a wild grab at his spokes, fell short by yards, and came down on all fours in the dust. His baffled roar was drowned in John Andrew's triumphant *chug-chug*.

"Where to?" jerked the pilot over his shoulder.

"Anywhere!" Fruppeny managed, rattled to pieces.

"Safe to stop yet?" shot out John Andrew, five miles farther on. "No! Not yet! Not yet!" quivered back from the carrier.

Thus they raced the wind for another half hour, which carried them from the immediate danger zone. Then they pulled up, the scorcher removed his goggles, stared hard at his friend with a whimsical, questioning face, but without a word, wheeled his machine to the roadside. There, cheek by jowl on the top of a handy gate, whence they could keep observation upon the road, Fruppeny told his tale from beginning to end.

John Andrew made a good listener. Now and then he gave way to amazed exclamations, and all the time his honest eyes bulged a great deal; but he did not interrupt with a number of questions.

"And," the recital wound up with tremendous emphasis, "and, old man, it will be a jolly long time before I pass myself off as somebody else again. A jolly—jolly—jolly—jolly long time," he repeated. John Andrew's face grew more dismal.

"I suppose so," he sighed.

"It's been a sort of retribution, old man."

"For swopping places, eh?" said John Andrew pensively. Then he dropped from the gate and inspected his namesake's rig-out. "Anyhow, you look fine!" he declared, his mouth twitching.

"Now be serious," begged Fruppeny. "What's to be done?"

"I am serious," grinned John Andrew. But next both his face and his mouth changed. The one turned the colour of the red glass on his cycle's rear light, the other drew itself to a resolute line. "I can't try to tell you yet what a brick you've been, and what an old hero, and how grateful I am," he said steadily, very steadily, as one who means every word. "But I'll tell you some day, Frup. And I'll prove to you what I think of you."

He did not utter another word for some minutes. And as such a long silence was not a bit like John Andrew Fruppeny, who didn't know where to look, began to bob up and down on his perch in his pea-in-pan fashion. Till, unable to contain himself any longer, he jumped down, exclaiming:

"Wake up, old man. What's the next move?"

The brooder came to himself. "Let me think," he replied. Then he darted to his machine and returned with a road map, spreading it out on the top of the gate between them.

"Now," he said at last, when he had found what he wanted, "see that place there, Chingbourne?" Down jabbed his finger. "Old Maggy's got a sister there. That's where we'll go."

"Why?" stared the hunted.

"Why? Because Tidgate's unsafe yet—that's sticking out. Those brutes will think that you're

bound to tear back to Tidgate, and so they'll have a last shot at bagging you there. You can be sure they won't give you up till they've seen how the land lies, and as they'll know that the school term hasn't begun yet they'll go on hunting, I guess, and comb Tidgate through for you."

"Don't you think it's more likely they'll throw up the sponge?"

"And scoot off? They may. But," said John Andrew prudently, "we must make sure first."

"Supposing old Maggy's sister won't take us in?"

"She will. He wrote and told her to be on the *qui vive* for me, as I've got to make my headquarters with her while I'm touring these show spots. You know there are a lot of old castles and things to squint at round here. And, as it happens, I was on my way to her."

"Jimini! What a narrow squeak it was for me!"

"Yes," said John Andrew soberly; "it was a close shave. But when are you supposed to be back at St. Quentin's?"

"When are you due at St. Quentin's, you mean?"

"Well—I or you—we're so mixed," said John Andrew.

"On Friday."

"Oh, so soon as that! Still, that ought to give us time to be out of the wood. Oh, yes, I guess old Lapp will have sheered off by then, and, in the meanwhile, you and I will lie low at Chingbourne."

"You are sure Miss Meggs will take me too?"

"Positive," said John Andrew, folding the map. "If she's half a patch on old Maggy, Frup, she is all right."

He never said anything truer, as they soon found. Miss Meggs, a brisk old lady, whose house was so bright that it caused John Andrew, when he beheld it, to send up a moan that he wouldn't be able to put in any of his fine work here, received them with open arms and did turn out all right. So that presently they took her into their confidence, telling her everything from their first meeting in the train. And when she had heard it all, in such agitation that the jumper she was knitting fell to the ground, she first ejaculated, "Bless me! I've dropped half my stitches!" And next, "But we must run off to the police!"

John Andrew shook his head. "They'll think that Frup's only bamboozling them."

"They might," she conceded. "It does sound a little far-fetched. But he can show them Hatz's house on the point to convince them."

"That's just it," groaned John Andrew. "They'd want the whole story. And, Miss Meggs, you see that that is just what we mustn't let out. It would kick up such a racket and fuss and shindy, and the newspapers would get hold of it—it would be awful! Think of the harm it might do when the papers got hold of it. I've often heard my guardian say how often things have to be hushed up because publicity would do so much harm all round."

"Very well," said Miss Meggs. "We won't act in a hurry. But we must find out if Lapp has given you up as a bad job."

So, having taken thought, she summoned her maid, a comely country lass with cheeks like red apples, and bade her go to Ottersfoot first thing in the morning and ascertain quietly if a schooner was there. "But most discreetly, mind. Don't bring my name into it," she cautioned.

"Very good, mum," simpered Mary, who loved a jaunt.

Next, from some mysterious hiding-place the old lady produced

a suit of clothes more suitable for Fruppeny, and ere evening that astonishing brick of a woman had taken Fruppeny's Treasury note to the grocer who kept the post office, and sent it by registered letter to a sailor's eating-house in Ottersfoot.

But Fruppeny never knew till months and months afterwards that she had slipped a five-pound note of her own into the envelope.

CHAPTER 48 The Only Way

PERHAPS apple-checked Mary was not cut out for a spy. At any rate, when she returned next night from her troublesome trip she brought back no news of Lapp or Hatz or the schooner. Yes; there had been a schooner, she'd heard, off the Pool. No, it wasn't there now, but they said it had dropped down the coast. Mr. Lapp? Ay, on her way in the train to Oldport she'd met a friend in service at the hotel there, and she'd told her that there was a Mr. Lapp staying at the hotel. Should she go to Oldport tomorrow and ask again? She could easily pop there and back in the motor-bus.

No; it didn't matter. Thus Mary's mistress, who, when Mary had simmered and gone to her supper, expressed her determination to go to Oldport in the morning. She brought back bad news. Lapp was at the hotel.

"And Hatz?" trembled Fruppeny.

"Yes. He is expected tonight. I got hold of Mary's gossip, the chambermaid, who told me that a room was reserved in that name."

On the next day, Thursday, Miss Meggs reconnoitred again, extending her operations as far as Spardle Bay to find out if anything had been heard of old Hannah. For, feeling that they would scarcely carry the deaf-and-dumb woman across the seas with them, she argued that Hannah's restoration or absence would indicate whether or no they had given up the hunt.

She returned with grave tidings. The cautious inquiries she had made in the neighbourhood revealed that nothing had been known of old Hannah's antecedents before she appeared at the house on the point, and that nothing had been seen of her since the house had been shut up.

Her grave news did not end there. Both the men were at the Oldport hotel, and their schooner was again lying off the Pool. Nothing remained but to take fresh counsel together. It was decided that while Miss Meggs stayed to look after Fruppeny John Andrew should go to London and lay the whole matter before his guardian's second-in-command at the Consulate, and

he must be asked to get into touch with Mr. Burford, and to do everything, in the meantime, to send Hatz and Lapp packing.

"I only wish we'd done that at once," sighed Miss Meggs. "But there! I felt sure that those villains would give up their game!"

"And I," groaned John Andrew, "felt we must hang on for my guardian's sake. Now I shall have to tell his people I'd seen the code!"

"No; only your guardian's deputy," she consoled him. "Then you'll start tomorrow?"

"Yes; tomorrow, Friday," he answered.

Fruppeny broke in.

"But you're due at St. Quentin's tomorrow."

"No. You must go to St. Quentin's tomorrow now."

"Oh, no!" cried Fruppeny. "No; We start straight tomorrow. I belong to St. Quentin."

"Old Mag—Mr. Meggs's—term doesn't start for ten days yet."

"Well, I'm not going back to St. Quentin's. No more swopping for me!"

"Just for a day or two, Frup, you'll have to go back."

"No, never!" said Fruppeny.

"Listen, old man. What will happen if you don't roll up there? They'll grow anxious, and send to Spardle Bay after you. They'll find Hatz's house shut, and no trace of anyone. That'll send them wiring all over the place, and perhaps to the Tidgate police, who may have you broadcast over the wireless!"

"Oh!" muttered Fruppeny, looking very straight down his nose.

"So unless you turn up smiling at St. Quentin's tomorrow all the scandal and fuss and publicity which we've avoided, and must avoid, will come out. If you're missing from St. Quentin's nothing can stop it. If we send an excuse they'll want to know why. And explanations are dangerous, jolly dangerous, old man. So, Frup, you must go back to St. Quentin's for a day or so while I'm putting all straight. It's the only way. Miss Meggs, don't you say so?"

"That I do," their adviser declared at once. "For other reasons as well as the good ones you give. You see," she continued, enlightening Fruppeny further, "Lapp and Hatz have confederates on board the schooner, so until all the lot have cleared off you are not out of danger. You are still in grave danger."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed I do. You have spoiled their little game in England, and certainly you know too much for their comfort. You can judge from the fact of their remaining how desperate they are to get at you, to compel your silence, to silence you somehow. You will be silly to give them the chance."

Fruppeny shuddered, recalling his night in the dinghy.

"Well, to my mind you'll be much more out of their reach away up on the cliffs in that big school, with such a number of man-servants and masters about, than you can be down in Tidgate Town at my brother's, or than you can be with a feeble old woman like me, who can't sleep at nights for fear that they'll trace you here. Oh, on every account you must go to St. Quentin's tomorrow!"

"Do I say who I am, then?" he asked.

No; not till John Andrew was back, they wisely assured him; not till John Andrew was back and the danger was over. They mustn't risk a word leaking out till then.

"But our agreement?" he persisted in rueful tones. "We agreed to start straight!"

"But we can't help it now. And it's only for two or three days. What do you say, Miss Meggs?"

"I say what I said before. Till the Consulate has taken steps to protect you you must go back to St. Quentin's, Smith. Last term you played a prank for a rag, as you call it. This term you are compelled to do it in earnest!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Voyager

NEARLY two hundred years ago a boy who rose to great fame was born in a cottage in a small village of north-eastern Yorkshire, his father being a farm labourer who later became a farm bailiff.

When the lad reached working age he was apprenticed to a haberdasher in a village on the coast near Whitby; but soon the sea fascinated him, and he went as a young apprentice sailorman to some Whitby shipowners, trading with the ports of Northern Europe. At the age of 27 he was mate of a vessel, and then, as war was beginning with France, he volunteered for the Royal Navy.

The captain of the war-vessel he joined soon saw he was no ordinary man, for he was not only a good sailor but a student of navigation. Four years later he had risen to be the master of a small war vessel sent out to survey and make charts for the navigation of the River St. Lawrence. His charts were so accurate that he was next appointed by the Admiralty marine surveyor of the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador.

His work proved most admirable, and the Royal Society suggested the Admiralty should employ him further in making a wider survey, even as far away as the Pacific Ocean, which was then so little known that it was thought there might be an unknown continent in the middle of that great expanse of water. With him went some eminent scientific observers who wished to study a transit of Venus specially visible there.

The voyage was very remarkable. Doubling Cape Horn, the explorers landed on Tahiti to observe the transit of Venus. Then they sailed to New Zealand, surveying and making charts of its coast. Passing on, they visited the whole east coast of Australia and returned to England by way of the East India Islands and round the Cape of Good Hope. The voyage occupied nearly three years, and had important results.

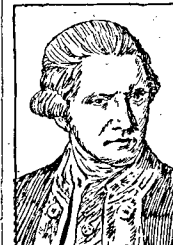
Another voyage was quickly planned for a more thorough search of the Pacific.

A third voyage was then undertaken to find the North-West Passage from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic. On this voyage Tasmania and New Zealand were visited and the Sandwich Islands discovered; then the western coast of North America was surveyed to the Bering Strait, where ice blocked the way. Returning to the Sandwich Islands to survey them, the great captain of these

most remarkable voyages was murdered by the natives.

No English traveller has had greater fame, for he was as wise

and kind as he was adventurous. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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September 11, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

11



A Smile is Like the Glitter of the Sun



D! MERRYMAN

A MOTORIST stopped in a small town for lunch, and the only restaurant he could find did not appear to be very prosperous. However, he ordered a lunch, and presently a waiter set a plate in front of him.

"Here, waiter!" he exclaimed, "you must change this plate—it is quite damp."

"That is your soup, sir," said the dignified waiter.

Arithmetic and Spelling

TAKE 1000 from a ditch round a castle and leave a cereal grass.
Take 100 from a friendly talk and leave an article of clothing.

Take 500 from a weight and leave an animal.

Take 100 from a thing seen on chimney-tops and leave a bird.

Take 10 from "immediately succeeding," and leave something used in fishing.

Take 50 from a pastry ingredient and leave a number.

Take 500 from a plank of wood and leave a wild hog.

Take 50 from a great admiral and leave to cook. *Answers next week*

A Curious Find

WHILE I was going through the woods I found something, picked it up, and could not find it, put it down again, ran home, looked for it, found it, did not want it, and threw it away. What was it?
A thorn in my foot.

Do You Live at Amptill?

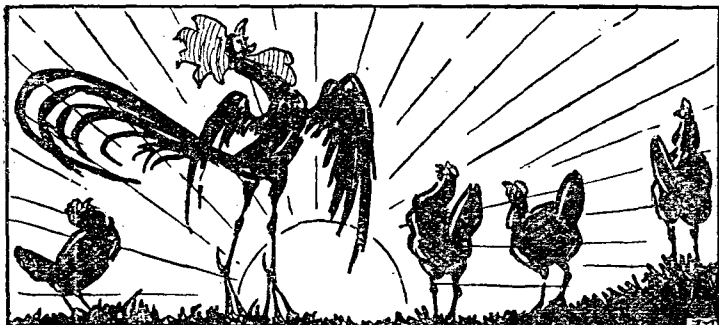
THE old spelling of this Bedfordshire town is Ammetelle, which means Ant-hill. Probably at some time or another the district was noted for its many ants, and the fact was commemorated in the descriptive name.

WHY is the letter a like noon?
Because it is the middle of day.

Do You Know Me?

MY first is in apple and also in pear,
My second's in money and also in fare,
My third is in bitter and also in sweet,
My fourth is in barley and also in wheat,
My fifth is in plunder and also in rend,
My sixth is in dispose and also in spend,
My seventh's in purchased and also in bought,
My eighth is in captured and also in caught,
My ninth is in shark and also in pike,
My whole is a person I am sure you all like. *Answer next week*

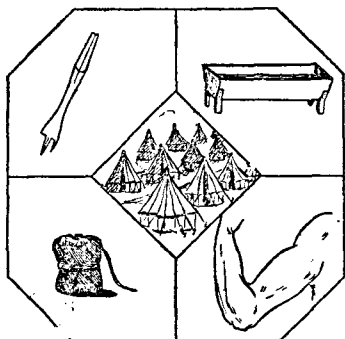
A Very Important Bird



SAID a Rooster, "I'd have you all know
I am nearly the whole of the show;
Why, the Sun every morn gets up with the dawn
For the purpose of hearing me crow!"

WHAT is it that the poor man has, the rich man wants, the spendthrift saves, and the miser spends? Nothing.

A Picture Puzzle



When you have found the names of the objects in this picture take two consecutive letters from each name, and these, when arranged in correct order, will spell the name of a great English city. Can you find out what it is? *Solution next week*

Hard Work

AN old lady saw a weary-looking tramp on a seat in the park.

"You look tired, my poor man," she said kindly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the tramp. "Digging up roads is very hard work in this hot weather."

"Is that what you have been doing?" was the sympathetic reply.

"Well, no, ma'am, I haven't done it yet, but I start tomorrow."

The Hunter

THERE was an old fellow of Wales who searched through his garden for snails;

He said, "When I find them I'll steal up behind them, And sprinkle some salt on their tails."

A Signature

THE handwriting of a certain great man was almost unreadable. It was said that his signature looked like a gridiron struck by lightning.

Famous Men

THE name of a famous man is represented in each of the following. Do you know them?

- A water fowl.
- One who forges with a hammer.
- A crafty animal.
- A bird noted for its rapid flight.
- A popular food.
- A south coast holiday resort.
- A little singing bird.

Answers next week

WHEN can a man's pocket be empty and yet have something in it? When it has a hole in it.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Jumbled Sports

Football, skating, hockey, cricket, lacrosse, baseball, wrestling, rowing.

A Riddle in Rhyme. Mont Blanc

A Built-up Word. Pen-man-ship

Jacko Has a Quiet Afternoon

THE baby was so fretful that Mother Jacko was getting quite anxious about him. "Look how pale he is!" she said.

Belinda said he wanted to get out in the air more. She was a great believer in fresh air. "Send him out as much as you can," she said. "It will make a different boy of him."

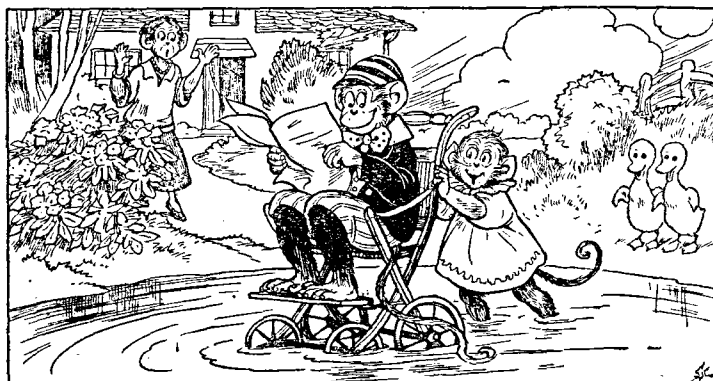
"I expect you're right," her mother agreed; "but I'm sure I don't know who's going to look after him."

"There's Jacko," said Belinda. "Surely he can be trusted to look after his little brother when you're busy."

"Of course I can," replied Jacko, coming out of the pantry rather hurriedly. "I'll go and fetch him now," for the cheering thought had occurred to him that if he were out with the baby all day he could hardly be expected to clean the knives and the boots, both jobs he hated.

So he went off with the baby, whistling cheerfully, for he had caught sight of the newspaper boy and was anxious to get a peep at the latest cricket score.

The newspaper boy not only lent him the Monkeyville Times for two minutes but he flung him The Monkeyville Storyteller for the whole afternoon. And that made Jacko whistle louder than ever. He got so interested in the story that he forgot all



Baby sent it rolling into the village pond

about the go-cart; and he only remembered it when the baby set up a howl, and demanded to get out.

"All right," said Jacko; "you can get out if you want to. You needn't make such a song about it." And he undid the strap and lifted his little brother down to the ground.

"Now you get in," said the baby, gurgling delightedly.

"Anything for a quiet life," muttered Jacko, stepping in obediently. It was a tight fit, but he was too intent on his paper to think much about it. He didn't even look up when the baby gave the go-cart a push, and sent it rolling down into the village pond.

"Oh, what are you doing to my lamb?" cried Mother Jacko's voice. "Come out of the water, my pet. You'll catch your death of cold!"

She didn't waste a word on Jacko as she snatched the baby up and disappeared into the house with him. Father Jacko did the talking when he came home that night.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Tales of a Cat

Our animal-loving readers will like to hear two tales which a Birmingham reader tells of her cat.

My cat (she says) always fed on a newspaper in the dining-room. One day we offered her the food without putting it on the newspaper. Though it was fish, which she liked very much, she would not touch it, but went to where the newspapers were and rubbed against them. When the newspaper was put down for her she ate the fish instantly.

Once her kittens were taken by rats, and she was much distressed. Next time she had a kitten it disappeared, yet she seemed quite happy about it. Six weeks later we saw her washing the lost kitten under a bush in the drive. The weather had been fine, and we think she had taken the kitten there from the first to escape the rats.

À Propos d'une Chatte

Ceux de nos lecteurs qui aiment les animaux se plairont à lire deux historiettes qu'une lectrice de Birmingham nous raconte sur sa chatte.

Ma chatte (nous dit-elle) prenait toujours ses repas sur un journal, à la salle à manger. Un jour nous lui offrîmes son dîner sans le poser sur le journal. Bien que ce fût du poisson, dont elle était très friande, elle refusa d'y toucher, et alla se frotter contre les journaux. Quand on eut mis son journal en place elle dévora son poisson.

Un jour ses petits furent emportés par les rats, à son grand désespoir. Lorsqu'elle eut de nouveau un petit, celui-ci disparut; toutefois elle en témoigna de la satisfaction. Six semaines plus tard nous la découvrîmes lèchant son petit sous un buisson de l'allée. Il avait fait beau temps, et nous conclûmes qu'elle avait emporté le petit dès le début pour le mettre à l'abri des rats.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Shoeblack

AT the door of a well-known hotel in Paris once upon a time you might have seen a little shoeblack with a big black spaniel, whose job was to find work for his master.

The young rascal used to soak his big, hairy paws in the gutter and wipe them on the shoes of the first passer-by! The shoeblack would then eagerly offer to repair the mishap and would cry:

"Shine, sir? Shine, sir?"

When his master was busy the dog used to sit quietly beside him; but as soon as the box was unoccupied he would take up his little game again.

The dog's cleverness and the pleasant nature of his young master, who was always ready to be of use to the hotel servants, made them very popular with everybody.

One day a rich Englishman happened to visit the hotel. He asked to see the dog and his master. They were sent up to the drawing-room, and the Englishman took such a fancy to the animal that he wanted to buy him. He offered ten pounds for him; and then twelve pounds!

The boy was tempted by so large a sum; the dog was sold, handed over, and sent to London, while his master wept for his loss with a mixed feeling of remorse and tenderness.

What was his joy when, a fortnight later, the dog appeared at the door of the hotel, as dirty as ever, and busy at his old job!

In the course of the journey to Calais the clever dog must have noticed that he was being taken away from Paris in a certain direction, and that he had been taken on a ship and from there into another stage-coach. After reaching London



The dog sat quietly by

he had found his way to the office of the coaches, followed one of them, perhaps the same one, to Dover, awaited the arrival of the steamer on which he had crossed from France, and, when he got to Calais, followed once again the coach that had brought him from Paris to Calais.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

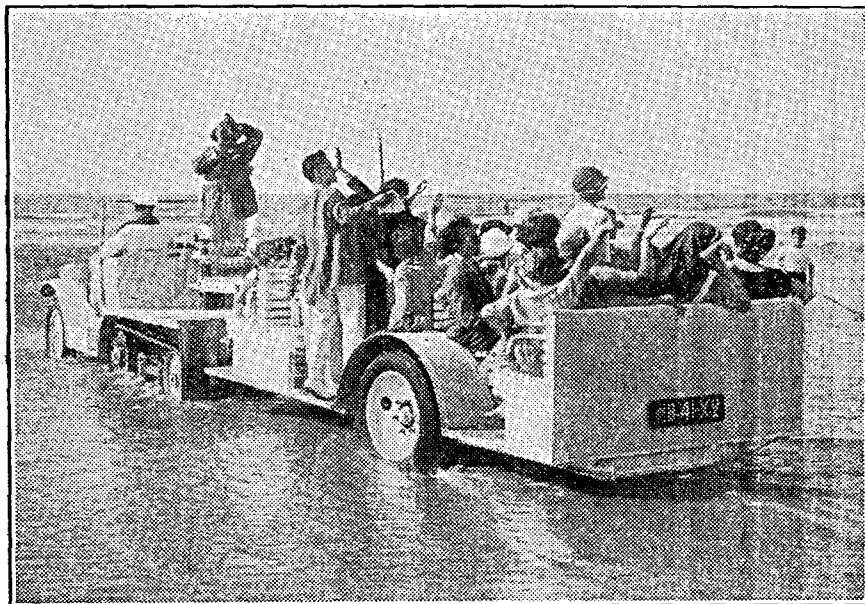
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 11, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

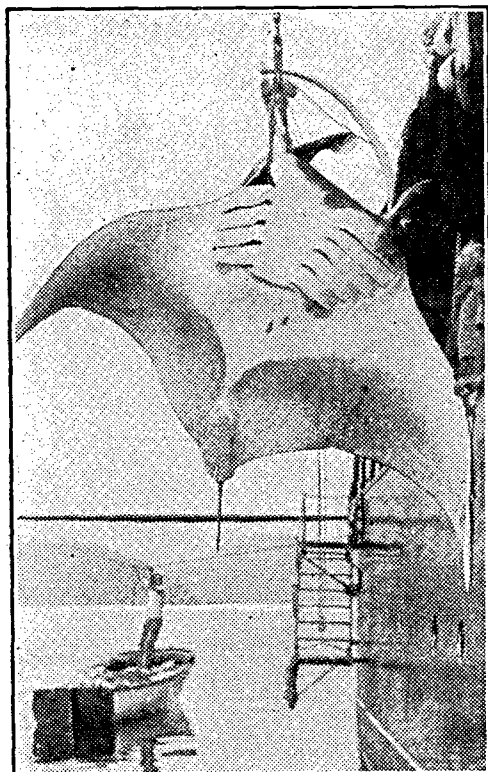
A TWO-TON FISH • TRANSATLANTIC AEROPLANE • PONIES FOR THE MINES



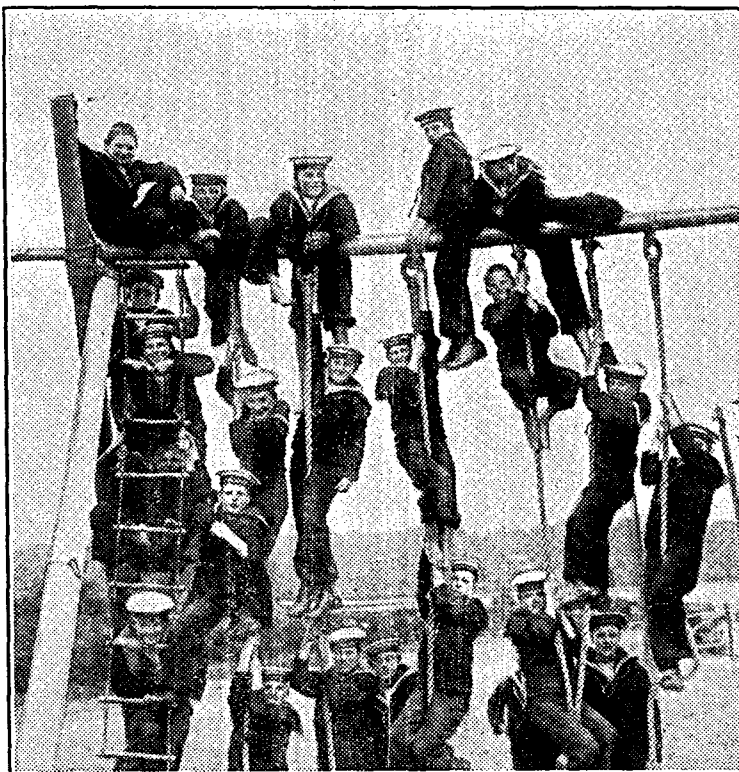
A Motor Ride in the Sea—At Deauville, on the coast of Normandy, children have been enjoying rides through the surf in a car similar to the caterpillar tractors which crossed the Sahara



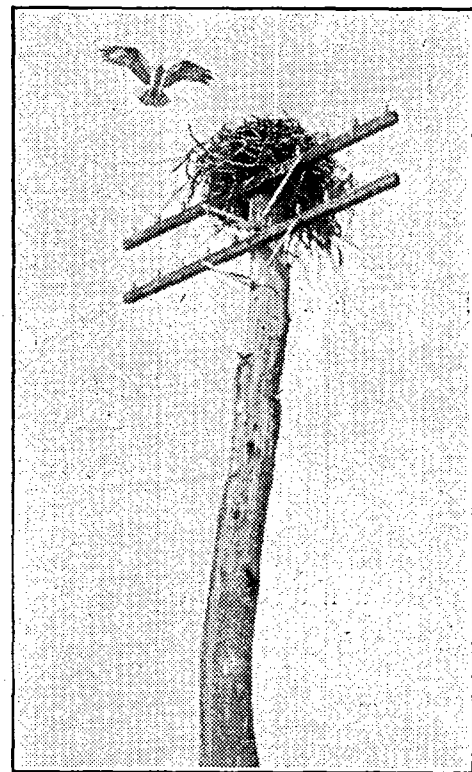
The Hot Spell—The London parks are well supplied with drinking-fountains, but on a warm day every fountain is surrounded by a group of children seeking a cooling drink of water



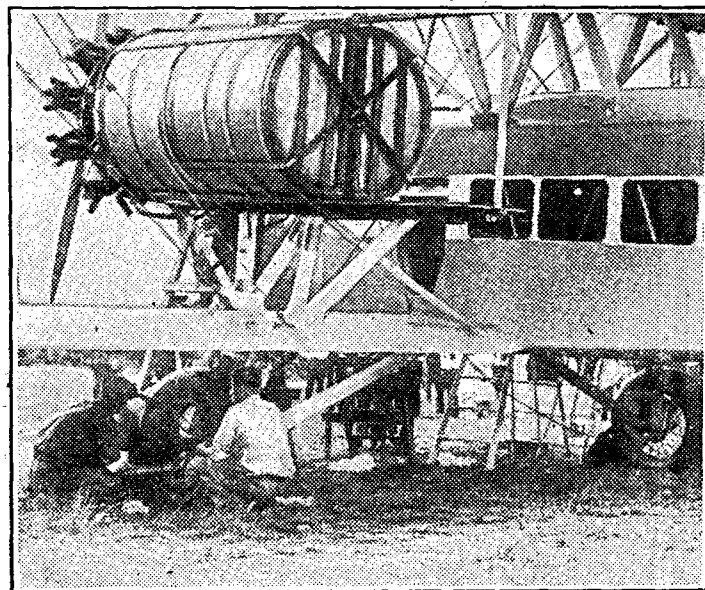
A Monster of the Deep—An American expedition to the Gulf of California caught a giant ray, which is here seen being hoisted on board the ship. It weighed two tons and measured 20 feet across



School for Sailors—The Mercury training-ship in Hamble Creek, near Southampton, is directed by Commander C. B. Fry, the famous cricketer, and here we see some of the boys, who are being trained for the Merchant Service. The picture shows them quite at ease when clinging to the ropes on their sports ground



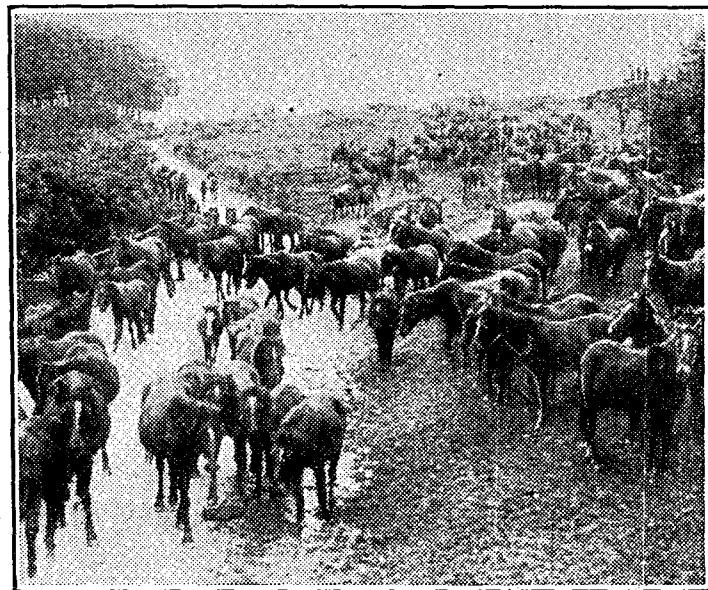
Nesting on a Telegraph Pole—The sea hawk in this picture built its nest on a telegraph pole in New Jersey, U.S.A. The wires helped to support the large twigs of which the nest was constructed



Aeroplane to Fly the Atlantic—Captain Fonck, a famous French airman, is to attempt a non-stop flight across the Atlantic from New York to Paris in an aeroplane with three engines. Here we see one of the tanks that will be used to carry part of the reserve supply of 2500 gallons of petrol



A Lady of Athens—This statue of a lady was discovered under the former royal stables at Athens. It is over six feet high



Ponies for the Coal Mines—Now that many of the coal mines are working the pit ponies have been taken underground again, and their long holiday is over. This picture shows a round-up of scores of the wild Dartmoor ponies, many of which will be trained to haul trucks of coal in the mines

THE VERY BEST MONTHLY WE HAVE EVER SEEN, SAY ALL THE READERS OF MY MAGAZINE

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